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Canada and the Drama

HOW LONG WILL OUR GREAT DOMINION REMAIN DIVORCED FROM DRAMATIC CONSCIOUSNESS? WHEN WILL CANADIAN ACTORS PLAY CANADIAN PRODUCTIONS IN CANADIAN THEATRES? WHY NOT NOW? THESE ARE SOME OF THE QUESTIONS MR. STRINGER ANSWERS IN THIS INTERESTING ARTICLE

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Woman in the Rain," "The Wire Tappers," etc.

"WILL you see the players well bestowed?" demanded Hamlet of the pig-headed old Polonius who was amazedly blinking at the absurdity of an actor weeping over his part. "Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time!"

Hamlet was right. He was right in the face of the fact that this same pig-headed old materialist had no inkling of what his mad young friend was driving at. He only knew that he was being scolded, the same as Canada was scolded when Robert Barr announced that this country of ours spent considerably less money on literature than it did on Scotch whiskey.

But Hamlet was right. The dramatist is, and always has been, peculiarly the voice of his age. The noblest and at the same time the truest expression of all national life has been through the drama. Era by era, from Euripides to Rostand, the great countries of this earth have articulated their greatness through the mimic world of the stage. From Sophocles to Sardou, the drama, holding the mirror up to nature and immortalizing in Art the thoughts and aspirations of the moment, has rendered the final verdict as to the rating of any given civilization. And it is England, we must remember, that can justly claim the supremest voice in all dramatic composition. Her Will of Avon stands unrivalled and unapproached. The creator of Hamlet has no equal: that much even the Germans will admit.

YET there is one other fact which we must remember. And with that memory must come down our last ensign of national pride. *Canada has no drama.* Our great Dominion, flung from sea to sea, with a national life as abounding in vigor as it is distinctive in character, with the stamp of bigness on both its accomplishments and its potentialities, is without a stage of its own, is without a school of dramatists, and is without even so much as a tradition of criticism. Canada has not one actor or actress of its own. Nor has it one dramatic composition in any way expressive of its wider issues of existence. Nor has it a tatter of true comedy or tragedy in any way representative of its social conditions. In other words, Canada is the only nation in the world whose stage is entirely and arbitrarily controlled by aliens. It is the only country of continental dimensions that depends on foreigners for that spiritual refreshment and inspiration which may and must be derived from theatric entertainment. And it seems the only country that, having achieved political independence, is content to stand divorced from dramatic consciousness.

Not that Canada is without interest in the drama. Over four million dollars' worth of new theatres were built in this country during the three years that ended with 1911. From 1911 to the end of 1913, it has been publicly announced, the sum of seven million dollars was spent for the same purpose. During the present season a provincial English company playing repertory in the mushroom city of Calgary (although headed, it must be acknowledged, by a London star of undoubted ability) is able to boast of weekly receipts exceeding twelve thousand dollars. Vancouver, the fourth city in the Dominion, is the proud possessor of no less than seven theatres. And in one season the city of Toronto, it has been conservatively estimated, spends one and one-half million dollars in theatrical amusement.

But we now approach the remarkable phase of this somewhat remarkable situation. Canada, it is true, spends its money lavishly enough on the theatre, and the Canadian city is as ready to proffer housing to the itinerant apostles of Thespis as is the rural town to lend a vacant lot for the tented glories of the visiting circus. But in the creation and control of that will-o-the-wisp chain of spectacles which flit like a stream of Halley's comets across its horizon, it has no voice and no influence. Its plays are sent to it by unseen powers, doubtless beneficent, but at times inscrutable in their ministrations. At the door of the Canadian city, drama is dumped ready-made; and it must take what is given or go hungry. In the offices of kindhearted Hebraic gentlemen along that far-off canyon of noise and vulgarity known to The Profession as "Broadway" are manipu-

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lated the strings of Canadian dramatic destiny. From the theatrical standpoint, our Dominion is a mere appendage of New York. And sometimes, from the metropolitan standpoint, the most that it can be called is an appendicle.

It may be claimed, of course, that to be taken in arms by its older and wealthier neighbor is a matter of much luck for Canada. It is the luck of the youth so perfect in figure that he is never ill-commoded by the fit of the ready-made hand-me-down. Among other things, it saves money. The machinery for the exploitation of dramatic effort is a costly one. Then, too, co-operation and combination of interests is an undeniable tendency of the times. And under such circumstances it is well that "Broadway" should stand as a Clearing House for all theatrical organizations, weed out the incompetents, and duly distribute those which have won the seal of popular approval. For in a country of vast distances and sparse population, engrossed in the making of homes and towns and still oppressed with many of the burdens that obtain with pioneer conditions, it is indeed a fine thing to have sent from city to city well-trained companies and well-equipped productions, with the glitter of their metropolitan organization all about them, coruscating with the names of those stars who swim into our ken with the newest *modes* on their backs and the newest songs and slang on the tips of their tongues. It is a fine thing to have these big names and bigger companies swing into your city, and cater to your wishes, and swing out again overnight, demanding nothing but a few bits for an orchestra-seat and recognition of the fact that the ladies of the chorus, having crossed the Line, are now considerately waving the Union Jack, at the grand finale, in lieu of the Stars and Stripes.

It is a fine thing, but like all fine things that come too cheap, it has its flaws. Canada has no greater and closer friend than the United States. But the Winter Garden is not Columbia and that portion of Broadway which lies between Herald Square and Longacre of the Electric Signs is not all the Republic. Then, too, the drama is something more than a business. It is an Art, the one Art, notwithstanding what its noisier practitioners have done to it, that has remained expressive of nationality. And to have an Art such as this administered from either foreign soil or foreign sky-scraper-offices is not good for any country. In the first place, such a condition carries with it the invariable tendency to Americanize public sentiment. There is the equally constant practise of cramming down Canadian throats a type of character with which the Canadian does not racially sympathize, and of parading before him traits and tendencies to which he is fundamentally opposed. He may dream that he is ignoring them, the same as he ignores the superlative Italian labels on his olive-oil bottles, but the mere toleration of un-Canadian sentiments and the mere endurance of ideals that are exotic is not without its insidious results. It involves the continuous danger of denationalization. It alienates us from an Art in which we should be intimately and personally interested. It develops a country-wide parasitism which leaves us invertebrate and passive in the most vital of cultural issues. It coerces us into the acceptance and encouragement of a literary product whose failure or success is determined by the critics and audiences of a country which is not our own, and a country, furthermore, astutely manipulated by the centralized and none too scrupulous interests of that motley aggregation of managers known as "Broadway." And since it comes to us ready-made, and not fitted to our tastes and our needs, we face the choice of adapting ourselves to its general tenor or going without theatrical amusement. To the enterprising Syndicate of New York, and to its equally enterprising rivals captained by the Shuberts, the territory that lies between the Rio Grande and the Saskatchewan is one and only one united democracy of Art roughly known as "The Road." Our provinces are parcelled out like so many states, and while self-aggrandizement may be one of the functions of the theatre on strictly home territory, it is not adding to the richness of Canadian national life when the children of the maple leaf sit in patient silence through those patriotic passages which the American audiences naturally enough can swallow whole and a George M. Cohan can so unctuously festoon with that glad Old Rag yclept the Stars and Stripes! We share with the United States many of the social and economic problems of the century. We speak the same language, and in our relationship there exists a *camaraderie* unknown between any of the powers of the Old World. But Canada is Canada, and our flag is not the flag of the United States of America.

Yet theatrically we are a colony of those states; we are in a position of subservience to them. This was never so forcibly brought home to me as when a Toronto author, who had written a really excellent war-drama dealing with the Wolfe and Montcalm conflict at Quebec, explained that Frohman had agreed to accept his play on condition that he give it an American setting and revamp it into a war-drama of the Revolution. That Toronto author (when not toiling at his desk as a newspaper editor) had written many plays and spent many laborious nights in his efforts to master the technique of the drama. But he has not yet known a single production. And the chances are ten to one that he never will know a production—for he was narrow-minded enough not to jump at the chance of switching overnight the Plains of Abraham for the sisterly slopes of Bull Run. That Toronto author, who declined to sell his birthright for a mess of box-office pottage, (and probably feels a bit sorry that he couldn't) wants to be a dramatist and at the same time he insists on being a Canadian—which is both an absurdity and an impossibility. Before he can be identified with the stage on this continent he must first denature all his primal impulses of patriotism. He must de-Canadianize himself, as every actor and actress and playwright who happened to be born north of the Great Lakes has been compelled to do.

There have been both play-actors and play-writers born in Canada, it is true, yet the only benefit which either they or Canada derive from this event seems to be the lubrications of the duly-posted advance-agent, who gets free advertising by periodically loading up the local press with what is known in the vernacular as "Old-Boy Guff." The phrase is inelegant, but not half so much so as the practise. One road actor, it might even be mentioned in passing, has been born in no less than seven different towns in Ontario. Season by season this astute man of business, emulating Homer himself, duly honors each of his natal towns with a professional visit, gives out interviews on his boyhood life, and after dilating on the old Swimming-Hole down by the big buttonwood and counting up the gate-receipts in Canadian silver, almost forgets that he really emanates from the East Side of New York and possesses a working knowledge of Yiddish! If May Irwin and Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin and Edgar Selwyn and James Forbes and Viola Allen and Ernest Shipman and William Courtleigh and Marie Dressler all happened to be born on Canadian soil, they swarmed from their native country very much as rats are said to swarm from a sinking vessel. To-day, either as actors or as dramatists, they are contributing nothing whatever to the distinctive culture of the country which gave them birth. The only time they seem to remember that country is when their route-list takes them across its border. One member of this company publicly wrote to a New York publication announcing that he was touring

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The Voice of One Crying

By James Church Alvord

Illustrated by Charles Dean Cornwell

"OH—Oh— Oh-O-O-O"

The sun was setting behind Look-off mountain. A riot of scarlet flared across the horizon, melting into a primrose glow in the East. The gaunt crest smudged up against the dazzle, purpling through a hundred shades, transfigured at its top into violet edged with gold. Far below the wide plain was stolidly white with snow, but the black water of Minos Basin caught glints and flashes from that gaudy sunset. Out of the whiteness farm-houses and church-spires pricked splashes of ink. The world was very cold and very magnificent. On the flanks of the mountain a girl walked alone.

"Oh—Oh—O-O-O,—"

Jedidah Tillotson stopped her scurry. Her face quivered, her body shivered with fear; yet something in her Nova Scotia soul steadied her. Her long inheritance from Puritanism bid her listen to that human cry for help out of the white silence. Yet she had lived but one year on Look-off mountain and was horribly afraid.

Suddenly another sound whiffed down the wind: the scudding feet of a horse. Twitching her skirts this way and that she crept into the brambles beside the road. The girl thrilled with panic. Then with a flash of iron against a stray flint in the road, a cast-up sprinkle of icy particles, a horse with wide-swinging stirrups flashed past her hiding place, flung himself downward towards the village below. In a moment the rumble of his flight dimmed in the distance.

The girl crept out from her bushes, hesitated, gazing up the road, down the road—then tottered after the terrified animal, villageward. She was more panic-stricken than he.

For a rod or more she fled. Then a jerk came into her speed—she faltered—turned abruptly around. With flushed girlish face she harkened. Not a sound came. So, sturdily she began to trudge back along the lonesome road she had come. The line of gold died off its violet crest, the wilderness turned ashen, the dark waters of the Basin lost every flash. Only the snapping of a frozen twig, the tumble of snow loosened by the day's sunshine, spluttered through the quiet. On she plunged, shaking with every step—up the long slope—over into the dip beyond.

A boy lay across the rude bridge which spans a brook. He seemed to the girl extraordinarily beautiful, his golden curls glimmering in the softened light, his blue eyes staring, his slim

HER MOTHER SNEERED GRIMLY. "STOP MOONING OVER A HANDSOME FACE, SILLY"

figure huddled against the snow. A wound jagged above one eye. His jacket, crumpled up beneath his arms, a fluff of frost on his curls, proved that he had been dragged after being thrown. He did not move. He did not even groan. Leaping at him Jedidah caught him into her lap and began to splash his face with handfuls of snow.

He moaned at last, attempted to sit up; then slumped back into a second swoon. A moment later a shiver shook his body, almost a convulsion. Again he attempted to rise, gropingly. Realizing the presence of the girl he stifled down his cry.

"I fell," he stuttered, "the horse slipped." He blinked around, "I must go—I—I—I must see her—see her right away."

He tried his right foot on the ground gingerly. Jedidah caught him with a swift tenderness as the pallor flashed back into his face.

The sky was as gray as farmhouse shingles when the two set off down the road. The windows of the scattered upland homes alone blazed like factory furnaces under the refraction of some invisible light. The boy half-hobbled, half-was-dragged, leaning against the girl. His arm clasped her shoulders, his hot breath palpitated against her uncovered neck. She had never been so embraced by a man. He mumbled thanking her. Once she stopped to unloose his shoe and rub the swollen ankle with the snow. The flesh puffed instantly. She could not draw on the shoe again.

"I must see her—must see her—" he mumbled and limped wretchedly on. All the woman in her welled towards him.

Half-a-mile from the village he collapsed and she was forced to hitch herself between his arms, dragging him across the crust as though he were a sledge. It was thus that Jud Slocum came upon them, laughed, yanked the boy up between his lusty arms, dropping him at length down on the Widow Tillotson's best bed in her best room.

"Gee," sniffed Jud, "I'd a carried th' critter five mile. He's that light." He stripped the insensible youngster.

When the poor fellow slipped back from the land of dreams to the land of facts he sprang up in bed.

"I must go," he babbled. "I must see her—" He shrank back at the sight of two strange women.

Mrs. Tillotson fluttered over, motherhood in arms. "Lie back in the bed, Laddie!" she cooed, "Doctor'll be here in a minute."

"Laddie?" he tossed it back at her in high dudgeon, "What do you know about that? I'm twenty-five and I've a man's job on hand—Laddie!" A naked foot dropped out from between the sheets and flashed the color into Jedidah's cheeks. The older woman laughed outright.

"You can't," she temporized.

His eyes danced up at her. "Cant's dead. Will is up and kicking."

"Kicking?—not with that foot."

His face radiant in the candle flutter was vibrant with an unchanged pur-

pose. "O, please—" he begged, "I must go. On my own horse, if he's to be found; on another if he's flown for good." He stretched the wrenched foot to the floor, trying his weight upon it cautiously; but Jedidah swept across the room at the sight of his sick pallor.

"Perhaps we can carry the message," her voice fluted like a bob-o'-link's in June. "There are nine houses and six horses in Scrabble Hollow; something can be found."

"There's a girl I must see," he answered, "a girl of Scrabble Hollow. Perhaps she'll come to me." His eyes glinted with hope.

"Who is she?" the face drooped over him tenderly.

"Jedidah Tillotson."

There fell a dull silence into the room. The girl incarnadined painfully, the blood gushed over her face in spurts. She guessed his errand at once. But the look of the other hardened. She still wore her smile of motherliness but it turned wooden. She sat in her low rocker her mouth petrified into the curves of some stolid, painted, smirking manikin propped up in a shop-window to hang clothes on. She lost for the nonce all humanity in the ugliness of that grimace.

The boy turned from one to one as if astounded that they didn't know. "Why," he cried, "she must be here. She's lived here over a year now. Her father was the preacher over at Wolfboro, the Presbyterian parson."

The older woman allowed the smile to ooze from her lips. "You can't see Miss Tillotson;" she explained patiently, "she went off to visit her grandmother last week." The minister's widow was keeping within the strict grounds of the literal truth—and lying brutally as she did so.

He sat up with a jerk and his face, twisting from one to the other, struggled to plumb the mystery of their changed aspect. "When will she return?" he demanded.

"Those Tillotsons are awfully close-mouthed;" croaked the widow, "nobody knows their business." A prankish malignity glittered in her eyes.

The lad saw it and misinterpreted it. In his turn he blushed cruelly. "Yes," he confessed, "you've guessed right—I'm Jack Galt's brother. I'm Ben. But you needn't draw back so; I'm clean. I don't see why I shouldn't say I'm clean, if I am. Jack went wild. Did you know his wife—Mary Tillotson?"

SHE HITCHED HERSELF BETWEEN HIS ARMS AND DRAGGED HIM AS THOUGH HE WERE A SLEDGE

"Yes, we knew her well," the girl nodded.

The boy's voice rose unashamed. "Jack didn't kill Mary Tillotson," he affirmed. "Jack may be bad; but he isn't the murdering kind." He faced the two women defiantly and for a moment even the grim mother shivered under the fierceness of his regard. Gray ashes were no more like fire than she like womanhood in that dour moment.

"I was flat on my back during the trial," the young voice went on,—"typhoid. I only sniffed out-of-door's air six weeks ago. Mother's dead. Mother's name was Annie; that means gentle. Father's name isn't Annie though." He sniffed amusedly at the well-worn family joke, despite his rush. "Father said, 'Let him die the death'—so did Fred and Wilfred and Jonas. But I—I guess my name *is* Annie; for I've come down to nose things out. Jack doesn't know what happened; for Jedidah found her first, all alone in that lonesome farmhouse. Jedidah knows—knows that Jack didn't shoot Mary. She swore on the stand that Mary left no word; but Jack watched her face as she swore. So he knows she knows. I must see her—I must beg her on my knees to tell—I've got testimonials any way for the Minister of Justice. He's here, here in Wolfboro, only he leaves to-morrow for Boston. I must get those testimonials to him. They're rippin'." He flung the bed-clothes from him bounding out upon the floor. "It's late—late! Jack dies to-morrow night."

Jedidah caught him. Her mother sat stonily by, that malign glint quivering beneath her lids. "You mustn't," protested the girl and in fact he was faint with pain, "I'll find somebody to send. Leave it to me." She tucked him in again with deft touches and her mind was far away from Mary and her dim tragedy. The boy was hers, she had snatched him from the very jaws of the valley of the shadow of death—hers—hers—hers. "I can get Jud," she began.

"Daughter!" boomed out the Widow Tillotson, her voice was as crass as a No'easter rumbling over Look-off top.

"The papers are useless anyway," Jedidah hurried on intent to stop her mother from further outbreak. "Women testified that way at the trial, dozens of 'em. Women always will for a handsome fellow. They look and then they leap—for the witness stand. Mother says so anyhow." She dropped her eyes to his face and decided that this Galt was the handsomer of the two. Of her mother she was not afraid. She knew that her mother always overestimated the weakness of her character. Her father had been adored by his parish and run by his wife, so Mrs. Tillotson was incapable of comprehending the drop of her own blood inside this gentle re-incarnation of her husband she owned as daughter. But the iviest kind of an ivy vine can grow a trunk that's stiff.

When the girl returned from her search the Doctor was ah-ah-ing over the patient, spattering about those polysyllabic phrases with which physicians delight to mystify ordinary facts and mortals. It was a wicked sprain and wouldn't heal for weeks.

"It's sixteen miles to Wolfsboro, a bitter night and the last train gone," she leaned over the bed-foot stating her discoveries, "but Jud will make the drive, catch the train that comes along after midnight, see the Minister at the Halifax Station—"

"But will Jud be certain to do it

right ? I must go—foot or no foot—I must go myself. I—"

"Rank nonsense," roared the doctor, "incredible folly !"

"Jud will do the thing for ten dollars," Jedidah went calmly on regardless of both interruptions; "I gave him your papers, the money also. He's gone."

She followed her mother downstairs and watched the doctor into his coat and out of the door. With the slam she caught the widow by her skirt, trembling, her whole face soaked with tears.

"O, mother," she cried piteously," "it's wicked. We can't do it. We must tell."

The woman's face sneered grimly. "And who's to trot off with your confession?" she whispered, "Talk's a fine thing; but 'can't' is 'can't'—and you can't reach the Minister in time."

"I'll go," shrilled the girl.

"You can't. You can't have Smith's horse—he's a milk-router. So's Jenkinson. Parsons is in Halifax with his wife and his span. Old Maid Sparhawk never lets her mare out nights. Jud's gone." She set her foot on the stairs but glanced back for a scornful moment. "Stop mooning over a handsome face, silly! Mary was trapped that way and a life he led her. He deserves hanging for it—I hate him—I hate him. Every blow he struck her, every vile name he called her, every wild tear he bruised out of her, I suffered. Do you think I can forgive him for the night he drove her through the snow, bare-footed, in her nightgown? Do you think I can forgive him for the money he stole from me and beggared me until I live here on this hill, an outcast, a pauper ? Do you think I have forgiven him for the baby's death. That wasn't murder in the eyes of the law. It was in the eyes of the Lord. Justice is mine, saith the Lord—you know how the Bible goes. We've just kept still and the Lord is repaying John Galt for all his sins." Standing there, her candle casting strange shadows across her piled up heaps of snowy hair she was the embodiment of wrath, a wild prophetess who knew no mercy and who would glut her soul red with revenge.

For a minute longer she eyed the cowering figure in the hall below, then tossed her handsome head with a curt command for bed and swept upstairs. She'd nipped Jedidah short. Sufficient unto the night were the impossibilities thereof.

But the girl went back to the sick room. For a minute she busied herself with wee arrangements, fussing with the medicine glasses, bringing water, heaping on logs. It was a charming room, filled with quaint mahogany, stately mirrors, dim engravings. The firelight winked coquettishly from polished brass of knobs and andirons. At last she came to stand beside the bed.

The boy reached out and seized her hand.

"How lovely you are," he whispered, "how lovely !"

But Jedidah wasn't lovely, only dovelike, dainty. Her great eyes had the shy softness of a woods' creature and, turned towards the fire, flamed now with a mystical glow. She had the air too of long breeding. One saw that she'd had grandmothers.

The boy pulled softly at her hand, pursing out his lips. For a moment she did not resist and her own drew nearer—nearer. After all he was hers, she had saved his life. Then she snatched her hand away and fled. As she fluttered over the threshold he called to her.

"I never kissed a girl in my life," he swore.

She believed him.

Not that it mattered. She fled from joy. She had been brought up to believe it wicked to be so happy. It had come to her—it had come to her—her heart sang with the rapture. It had come to her, this love which sanctified the humble homes in her father's parish, which lay around the worn lives of old and weary women like the aroma from islands of romance, which had driven Mary to declare she'd rather be beaten by Jack than cossetted by any other man. She had plucked her lover out of his most dreadful hour and he was hers. She had not yet begun to love him, perhaps. She was in love with love. Stretched across her bed she quivered with ecstacy.

"Oh—Oh—O-O-O—"

The cry rang through the night. She slipped through her room with mouselike steps. The hallway fluttered with shadows. From the garret above droned down the rumble of Old Molly's sleeping as that one servant snored from the depths. From Ben Galt's bedroom quavered out the scream once more, "Oh—Oh—O-O-O—" Dragged in dreams behind his furious horse he called again for her.

She stood trembling in the bitter cold.

The boy groaned, once—twice—three times—she counted mechanically. Then silence. The high clock in the

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"I NEVER KISSED A GIRL IN MY LIFE," HE SWORE; AND SHE BELIEVED HIM

SNAPSHOTS OF PETROGRAD
(1) Hotel de l'Europe; (2) Church of the Resurrection; (3) Along a Canal; (4) Museum Alexander III.; (5) Roofgarden of our Hotel

Five Days in the Land of the Tsar

THE FORTUNES OF WAR HAVE MADE COSSACK AND CANADIAN FIGHTING-MATES. ALSO RUSSIA SENDS US THOUSANDS OF SETTLERS. CANADA, THEN, SHOULD KNOW RUSSIA FROM THE INSIDE

By Rosamond Kershaw

Illustrated from Photographs

TIME: an evening in July. Place: the court in the Hotel Bristol, Berlin.

"Why don't you come with me to St. Petersburg?" (now Petrograd).

The remark was addressed to us, a Canadian couple, by a chance-met but very congenial English friend.

While certain parts of Europe have almost been my home from childhood, I had never thought of going to Russia. It is not on the way to anywhere. It had never called to me in the early months of the year, when Italy seems almost a necessity. It had not lured me on in May or June as England does with its perfect spring. Even my globe-trotting friends had never said: "You must go to Russia." The very name had meant to me all things disagreeable:—Siberia, the cruel knout, the massacre of the Jews, the blood-thirsty Kossaks, the brute-like people of whom Gorky writes, the Nihilists and their bomb-throwing proclivities. Nothing pleasant, to my knowledge, except caviare and sables, had ever come out of that land of ice and snow.

We had not recovered from our surprise, nor had my husband had time for more than a half-hearted "Impossible," when the Englishman went on:

"Only thirty hours; good trains; and a man in our office there to take you sightseeing." "I have a charming friend who will be delighted to see us, only, as it is summer and his wife is away, all the entertaining will have to be done in the hotels."

It was agreed that we should obtain our passport—quite an equal division of the labor, as we found later—and that our friend should attend to wagon-lits, hotel reservations, in fact, everything else; and never in the whole course of my short but much indulged life have I known a more thoughtful man, nor one to whom the taking care of his friends gave so much real pleasure.

Ten o'clock the next morning found us at the British Consulate.

When we explained the nature of our quest we were told curtly that two months were required to secure a passport.

My husband said: "But we must have it to-day, as we leave to-morrow morning for St. Petersburg."

Then we were told, grudgingly, that an emergency passport could be obtained at the Embassy. As we were going out the young man called after us, that we would have to return to the Consulate after obtaining our passport and get a certificate of our religion, for which certificate a fee of ten marks would be asked.

There was only a secretary in charge of the Legation. He was an obliging young man, who spoke English with a German accent and German with an English accent but was most willing to serve us, and after perusing my husband's card, said that no other references were required. His description of my stalwart Canadian husband makes me laugh even now, as I see the passport lying before me; it is so deliciously vague; even I would not recognize him from it.

The oath of allegiance to Great Britain was administered, and we were sent to the house of the attache to secure his signature, the Ambassador being absent.

With that on our valuable document, it was necessary next to visit the Russian Consulate.

The man in charge was a Russian, of course; one of that suave kind with that lovely habit, made famous by Uriah Heep, of seeming to wash his hands incessantly. When we took our place in the line, a Russian professor who spoke German and had a life passport (seemingly very unusual, to judge by the manner of the official), was asking the Consul to visé his passport. It was made out to the pro-

fessor and his wife; the latter having died recently, the father wanted to take in his son on the same passport. The oily Russian assured him that anything that he could he would do for him, but that it would be very difficult. Would he leave his passport, as in the meantime others were waiting, and the office hours were so short? Then, with an added touch of oil to his oily manner and a smile even oilier than the manner:

"Of course the Government exacts a fee—thank you, thank you."

The next man was a Russian, and handed over a much worn passport; a little, greasy book like a bank passbook, with many signatures. I was sorry that I could not understand what passed between them. The official did not waste much of his servile, ingratiating manner on his countryman; he reserved that for the Frenchwoman who bustled up next with her little book. But she had no time for him; left her book and her fee and was gone.

It was our turn next, and to our almost foolish question: did he speak English, he gave just the superior sort of: "Of course," an answer that we might have expected. His English was good; fluent and grammatical, as had been his German and French. He asked our religion, and, by the way, that was the only allusion that was ever made to our religion then, or at any other time.

At three o'clock that same afternoon our passport was returned to us; we celebrated our last night in Berlin by going to Luna Park.

The next morning, at twenty minutes to ten, saw us en route for Russia, armed with books, pillows, chocolates, thermos bottles and domino cards to while away the time until twenty-five minutes past eleven that night, when we should reach Eydtkuhnen, the Russian frontier.

It was the usual German train, the usual German meals, the usual German country. The Fatherland is so methodical and so orderly; it lays out the roads and plants the trees on the highways in the same beautiful precision that distinguishes its marvelously modern capital.

We arrived on time in Eydtkuhnen. Swarms of porters dressed in homespun, homemade linen smocks and black trousers stuffed into knee boots, talking the usual polyglot language of the frontier town, seized our hand luggage. It is the only word to use. There was no asking "By your leave," which we should not have understood in any event.

The military element predominated here as everywhere else in Russia.

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PERISTYLE OF THE HERMITAGE ART GALLERY

At the door of the station, or rather customs room, our passports were taken. As in all frontier stations, long low tables for the examination of the luggage formed a square in the room. In this case the wolves stood inside the fold and we, the sheep, outside. There were many officials; to me the number seemed out of all proportion to the number of travelers arriving. These officials, mostly undersized, were decked out in dark uniforms with much gold ornamentation, making them appear even shorter than was Nature's design. One porter must have been seven foot tall, and several of the dapper looking aides who went back and forth with the passports, and much clinking of swords, and clapping together of spurred heels, had tall, fine figures, and handsome, manly faces, but the majority had more than a suspicion of the Mongolian in face and figure; add to that their beards and their heathenish language and the ensemble is not prepossessing.

Even at the risk of offending some dainty-minded reader, I must speak of the curious odor that my peculiarly sensitive nose scented out at once. At first I thought that it was disinfectant, but the sudden proximity of a porter in a rather clean linen smock, impressed it on my mind that it was just native. I met it again later, when it drove me out of a church, but I am anticipating.

A certain number of passports were handed to each official. We, being English, were reserved until the last, and a suspicious looking official fell to our lot. But looks are deceiving; he only just opened our bags and our one box and affixed the green stamp on them. At the same time a check was given to us and on leaving the room we exchanged this check for our passport, which had been decorated with about three square inches of printed Russian matter.

We found ourselves in the waiting room and everyone regaling him or herself with tea served in glasses. Lemon was not in evidence, nor was cream. The tea was very good, even if it burned the Englishman's tongue and mine.

At one o'clock, Russian time, our train was due to leave and we collected porters and luggage and, with much clatter and confusion everyone rushed out to the train as soon as the doors were opened.

We had been unable to secure anything in the wagon lits, so had three compartments in the ordinary car. In the corridor stood a half-dozen officials ready to take any compartment that had not been ordered in advance. As we had not rushed or pushed as hard as the others, I think these officials hoped that no one was coming to take possession.

Our two compartments were communicating, and with the doors, which were in the middle of the rooms, open, we had quite a good space. Imagine our surprise when our thoughtful Englishman corraled the porter and paid him four marks for sheets and

pillow cases for each berth; then another mark each for towels. The washing accommodations at the end of the cars were atrocious, so different from those on the German train, in which we had traveled that day.

But we had our beds made and our windows opened, and, finding nothing more that he could do for us, our friend left us.

The train started. About five minutes later there was a knock at our door. I opened it and there stood a very tall official with enough gold lace on him to have made him a field marshal. He asked for our berth tickets, and when they were given to him, he told us in German that we had four spaces and tickets only for two. I knew that it was not true but my husband speaks only his native tongue and was quite useless, and I too tired and in too much of a negligee to argue even in my fluent German with such an imposing creature; particularly, one who was apparently bent on levying a little graft on two defenseless strangers. So I sent my husband down to our Englishman's room, and at once matters took on an entirely different aspect. It was curious, of course, that the official should be so unfamiliar with tickets which he sees every day, that he could not read what was written on ours; but then he apologized when he found we had a defender and bowed himself away.

The country through which we traveled next day was flat, and uninteresting, save in the evidence that it gave of the inhabitants and their mode of living.

Germany had been so neat, so checkerboard-like in the precision of its fields and highways; the villages so cheerful with their clean houses and attendant gardens, bright with flowers, clustered about the Rittergut, a remnant of feudal times, and to the villagers an emblem of protection. The church steeple seen in the midst of the red roofs indicated a peaceful, comfortable religion, demanding little and giving much. The very storks on the gables of the houses lent an air of well-being and prosperity.

How in contrast to that scene is Russia! The fields there are marshy and barely cultivated. What incentive has the farmer to till his little patch, since whatever he makes in profit, he must pay out in taxes; or it may be that his land will be taken away from him when it is flourishing and given to some political time-server.

Nothing is more civilizing that good roads. A whole chapter could be written on road building, and on the characteristics of the people who build good or bad roads, and on the effect of good highways on the morals of the people. The Tsar's roads are abominable; unkept, muddy, straggling. They are not roads in the provinces and country towns, just broken out ways that are vehicle-destroying and leg-breaking. There is an amusing fiction that the property owners are compelled to keep the roads in order, and another—most satirical—that the Government devotes a certain sum yearly to the well-keeping of its highways. But that we know is a joke. The Government, not wishing communication among the villages, goes about in this negative way to discourage intercourse. Intercourse would mean talking over their common lot, and some leader might arise, some Garibaldi spring up among this downtrodden people, and fire even their dulled minds to demand and obtain some measure at least of freedom.

The houses composing the villages are tumbledown and dirty. The thatched roofs in various stages of decay, have sunk in the center and add to the general air of desolation. If there is a church it is very gaudy and much too magnificent for the village to support, and its bright silver or gold dome, scintillating in the fitful sunlight, must offer but cold comfort to a people lacking every necessity.

Every village of course boasts a shop where vodka can be bought on highdays and holidays, when it is sanctioned, and on every other day besides, whether it is sanctioned or not. But even in a village or government town of some pretensions, where there are two or three churches to every hundred inhabitants, and as many government grogshops as can be crowded in, the shops for the sale of the commonest necessities are scanty by comparison. In the small villages there are no shops of any kind, some one inhabitant supplies all the bread. The villagers either garner the coarse grain for themselves and their cattle, in bins behind their tumbledown huts, or there is a com-

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THE IMPERIAL WINTER PALACE

mon granary which can be drawn on in times of famine. The women weave and spin all their own clothing.

It had been raining before we reached St. Petersburg, but the sun came out and gave us a feeble welcome.

The friend of our Englishman was there to meet us, and to judge by his semi-French, semi-Italian manner, was delighted to see us. No doubt a breath from the outside world is refreshing to a Frenchman, making his home in St. Petersburg for seventeen years. It always seems to me that the French more than any other nation, long for their sunny land and lighthearted, gay compatriots.

We four hopped into a taxi which did not "taxi." At least it taxis, but no one pays any attention to that, as the bargain is made before engaging the vehicle. The passenger with one eye looks out for the object he is most likely to dash upon, with the other sees that he is not being taken in the direction opposite to his destination.

The station is at quite a distance from the center of the town. We were fifteen minutes or more en route over frightful cobbles. It had begun to rain again and the rain dripped down on us through the leaking roof. The windows being closed and the straps missing, we were all possessed with an insane desire for air. We strained every available and unavailable muscle in our bodies trying to open a window, but without success.

My mind was so taken up with the thought of actually driving down the Nevski Prospect, the glimpses of the wonderful churches, the canals and the marvelously fat cab drivers, that we were before the hotel in what seemed a very short time.

The Hotel de l'Europe, or Gastinitza, to give it its Russian name, has its entrance on a street on the right of the Nevski. It is not remarkable on the outside for anything but its size. It looks large but is badly planned out from our viewpoint of using all room to the best advantage. But it is airy and clean and boasts a roof garden both enclosed and à l'air that would do credit to any New York hotel. The two lifts were modern and it was not their fault that I was always going up when I wanted to go down, and vice versa. I finally resorted to signs.

Our cab door was opened by a formidable looking person in a shortwaisted, longskirted black coat trimmed all over with silver buttons and ornaments resembling cartridges. A silver dagger was stuck in his belt and a little Astrakhan cap perched on his head. The usual breeches with high boots pulled over them completed his warlike costume. He was a Kossak out of service but still allowed to wear his uniform.

A gorgeous person dressed in red blouse, knee breeches and top boots grabbed our hand luggage. I shall have to speak very often of the knee breeches and top boots as they are a part of so many Russian costumes. Red is the favorite Russian color, the same word being used for red and beautiful. On his head was a round cap with turned up brim, into which all around were stuck peacock plumes, shortened so that only the "eye" could be seen over the brim. He was the head porter and was assisted by two replicas in miniature about eleven years old, who took life very seriously as bell-boys. These attendants ushered us into our rooms, which we found most comfortable; large and well furnished, having every modern electric light convenience and plumbing device.

One small boy of the peacocks' feathers reappeared, demanding something which we took to be our passport and which we handed to him.

There is a passport office in every hotel. The passport lies there after being vised by the police and can be obtained temporarily for the purpose of sightseeing. The passport is vised again before leaving the city and twenty-four hours' notice is required by the manager of the hotel, so that the police can be notified.

Again this Russian atom returned, presented to us a blank to fill out, which contained interrogations of our life's history. I thought that having been cheated on the passport in which I did not appear, my time had come now to figure prominently in the police annals. Again I was disappointed. My husband filled out a few questions pertaining to himself and the paper was whisked away by the boy, who waved me aside as of no importance after I had been designated as "Wife." Women are of no moment in Russia.

Later we took a taxi, crossed the Neva and drove out to a fashionable restaurant. It being summertime and society away from St. Petersburg, there were not many guests. The room in which we dined was large, even comparing it with the largest of New York restaurants, but what is not large in St. Petersburg? It must present a very gorgeous scene in winter, filled with the aristocracy decked out in their semi-barbaric splendor.

The orchestra, composed of real Tziganes, was also large: these swarthy players were dressed in costumes resembling white pajamas, embroidered in the blue and red cross-stitch made familiar by the Russian embroideries. The leader was a handsome man. He thought so himself; dark, with beautiful eyes that looked unutterable things at me, since I was just then the only woman within range. I am afraid that I was not at all impressed by him, but very much interested in his masterly playing of the violin, and when he played Dvorak's Humoresque I applauded the playing but not the man. The pianist perused an English illustrated paper of recent date instead of his notes, and then passed the periodical on to the 'cellist, who also enjoyed it, without in any way letting it interfere with the soulfulness of his playing.

My attention was called to the waiters, who were all Tartars and looked like brigands. Being Mohammedans, they are temperate men and very desirable.

Our dinner was delightful. It had been especially arranged to give us some essentially Russian dishes, beginning with the Zakuska, a magnificent form of hors d'oeuvre.

The Zakuska comprises smoked fish, usually three kinds, salads of all sorts, and cheese, which begins the dinner in Russia instead of finishing it. The center dish of this appetizing conglommeration is caviare, and caviare seen at its best in its native land is large, fresh and gray, not the pressed down, salted paste as we know it. Vodka and other cordials are offered with this course, which is made complete with the black rye bread spread thickly with rich butter that accompanies these delicacies.

Little pies, called piroki, filled with fish or meat, were served with our soup and again I could have made a meal of that course.

We had some little birds tasting not unlike our partridges, and some delicious celery root salad.

The fourth in our party, the charming Frenchman, spoke very little English. He understood it but was a little shy, I think, of talking it. So our conversation was carried on in a mixture of English, French and German.

At a table opposite to us sat a couple: a man in the diplomatic service and his wife. She had been some one else's wife, and he had appropriated her and there had been a scandal, but not a hint of it was given in their high-bred faces. His shirt front was fluted and soft and frilly, and a red ribbon with an order hung from his neck.

After dinner we took two little droskeys and drove down to the Aquarium. Why Aquarium, you will ask me when I tell you that it was a large amusement resort, comprising an enclosed theatre, an open air stage, and a restaurant where another performance begins, when the first one in the theatre closes, at midnight. But not a fish did I see to justify so strange a name. The restaurant remains open until three o'clock; and the company is very mixed at these open air gardens.

To judge by the theatres that I saw, they are neither modern nor clean, and the performance lacked in most part refinement. It was better than the German vaudeville, but then that is damning it with very faint praise. There was a good deal of barefoot dancing, the bareness not limited only to the feet, and there was some singing in French by would-be ingeniously ingenuous ingénues, that was really appalling.

The audience, composed for the most part of officers who kept on their caps, and dark, coarse featured women, seemed delighted with the songs and the singers. But our party breathed a sigh of relief when the last one disappeared. Knowing French is not always a comfortable accomplishment in a foreign music hall. One very pretty blonde woman, dressed in one of the many Russian national costumes, sang Russian folk songs very pleasingly. For vocal purposes the Russian language is most harmonious. All the Russian songs are sad; even the words are sad, I am told. I am not emotional, but her singing brought a lump into my throat and I felt all the pathos of a people held down by a despotic government, aided by a more arbitrary and superstition-ridden religion.

When we drove home in the early hours it was not yet dark. It is broad daylight till half-past eleven o'clock from the middle of May till the end of July, then comes a semi-twilight, and at one o'clock it is again bright day. There were as many people about as at noon. Our chauffeur brought us over one bridge and then thinking that none of us knew much of the city, tried to take us back over the next one so as to increase the fare.

Sunday was all sunshine. We four went for a walk along the Nevski Prospect to get a general idea of the city. The needlelike, fine, tapering spire of the Admiralty is at one end of the Prospect. This is the real centre of the city. Three streets radiate from there and three canals cut these streets, running semi-circularly. This is the plan of the town as I have it in my mind.

The Nevski is three miles long, two of its miles being in a straight line. It is one hundred and thirty feet wide. That meant nothing to me, and would not to the average woman, until it was explained to me that Fifth Avenue is one hundred feet wide, and then I had a good deal of respect for the Nevski, at least for its width. It is the Regent Street, the Unter den Linden of St. Petersburg, and resembles the latter very much. It has a double line of carriage way, wood paved, and foot-paths ten to twelve feet wide. A part of the outer driveway is cobbles, and makes crossing the street very hard on us of tender feet. But then the Russian capital was never made for pedestrians. Russians are inordinately proud of their Nevski Prospect, just as the Scotch will boast of Princess Street. I found neither typical of their countries: the shops on the Nevski were most European and looked actually transported from Paris or Vienna. The houses are large, low and regular; the stucco and plaster used on their frontages to imitate dressed stone, have fared badly in the severe climate and look yellow and crumbly. The tall church spires seen in all directions, save the city from architectural monotony.

We walked down one side of the Nevski, part of its length, and back on the other. Returning we came to the Imperial Library; it contains one of the largest and most valuable collections of Europe. Russia, in her numerous wars with Europe and Asia, garnered many spoils. From France she acquired many of the most precious state archives, which were scattered abroad at the time of the Revolution and bought by a collector for very little money. There are letters there from that ill-fated Queen of Scots, Mary Stuart, to the French king and one of her missives with marginal notes reviewing her unhappy life.

A little further on we passed into the semi-circular colonnade of the Kazan church, resembling St. Peter's in Rome in miniature. It is named from an ikon set up in it, which is a copy of the miracle working ikon of the Holy Virgin, our Lady of Kazan. Peter the Great brought this ikon from Moscow to his newly built city. Its value is estimated at fifteen thousand pounds and it is gorgeous in its gold and enormous jewels. We tiptoed into the magnificent marble interior as service was being held, and worked our way around to the wrought silver barrier three feet high, which shuts in the sanctuary. We were told this silver had been melted down from plate captured by the Russians from the French, but on further inquiry we learned that the plate was originally Russian church silver and had first been stolen by the French.

The congregation was collected in the center under the dome, all classes standing together, as no one sits. The moujik in his red shirt and untanned hide boots was cheek by jowl with the best dressed. A priest in a gold robe was preaching in Slavonic which almost none of the worshipers understands. The appeal of the church is to the senses and emotions. It is a sad thought that autocracy has so long defied a revolution by trading on the deeply religious feeling of the Russians. The Tsar is the head of the church and hence the temporal as well as the spiritual power; how can they rebel?

I did want to stay to hear the music of whose remarkable beauty I had heard so much, but I could not.

When we could breathe again we continued our walk along the Nevski, passing Armenian, Lutheran and Roman Catholic churches. So many religions are represented by the churches along the Prospect that it has earned the name of Toleration Street. Almost every nationality and a good many of the costumes of Europe and Asia we met on our walk along the wide thoroughfare.

We pursued our way to the Admiralty, one of the handsomest buildings of St. Petersburg, along to the Palace quay and gazed in wonder at the immense Winter Palace, the Hermitage and the rows of grand ducal palaces. Opposite the quays are the numerous islands forming the delta of the Neva. The Stock Exchange is on one of them. The Fortress church of St. Peter and Paul is on St. Petersburg Island, the oldest part of the town. Numerous bridges connect mainland with islands.

We left the quays and turned through a street back again toward the city and as we walked along discussing the city and its inhabitants, our French friend showed me with a great deal of interest a piece of the cord which strangled Gapon, the ex-priest and soi-disant leader of the revolutionaries. Everyone remembers how zealous he seemingly was in the people's cause, how he betrayed them to the Government, and was strangled by the other leaders when he approached them to share with him in the spoils of the betrayal. Rather a gruesome reliquary to carry about!

We walked through the Liteinaia where are the imperial stables; past the other beautiful entrance of the Hermitage museum on the Mala Millone, where live the millionaires. I looked in vain for any outward magnificence. Here as everywhere the sewage system was most primitive: the sewers were of wood and old, the earth in consequence absorbing the moisture and forming a hotbed for all sorts of fevers. No one who can get away from the capital between June and August, remains there. The heat and dust and the pestiferous odors of the canals drive people away, and yet these wide canals are very handsome, and they add a great deal to the beauty of the city, but make residence in hot weather a torture. No doubt they have accomplished the purpose for which Catherine built them: namely, to drain the marshes and modify the intense cold of the winter weather.

To be continued.

Strictly Scientific

BEING THE STORY OF THE DYE THAT WOULDN'T COME OFF, AND THE SETTLEMENT OF AN OLD SCORE WITH THE BAIKIE APES

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

"MACPHERSON, YOU HAVE LONG BEEN THE MOST REMARKABLE ETYMOLOGIST IT HAS EVER BEEN MY PRIVILEGE TO KNOW"

"INDIAN'S ticket to Galt? Not much! You're no Indian.'

Pride too intense for words was expressed in gesture and attitude as the very straight-backed boy standing at the window replied by flinging down a bill, pocketing his change uncounted and striding haughtily out to the platform.

At the mention of Galt, Gabby Wilkinson, who, with Harry Freeman, was waiting at Brantford station for the train which was to bear them on the first stage of their return to school, nudged his companion.

The eager look on Gabby's face betokened the generous soul that must needs share his crust of knowledge.

"He is an Indian," he whispered to Harry. "I know who he is. I've seen him drive in from the reservation with Chief Smoke and I bet he's his son. All the same I don't blame the new agent for charging him full fare, do you? He's not so very dark, is he? Mighty nice looking fellow—" and Gabby would have gone on like the brook had not Harry stopped him with the practical suggestion, "Let's speak to him"

But the new boy would say very little. His name was John Smoke, he was going to school at Galt and he considered it a personal insult to be told that he did not look like an Indian.

Inasmuch as Spinal Maginnis, but for John Smoke, might never have thought of the adventurous enterprise which led up to the greatest of all Baikie fights, unique in the distinction of being pulled off in the presence of the head-masters of the two schools and a representative gathering of the citizens of Galt, and memorable as the one bright spot in a shameful year during which the lid had been tightly fastened down on interscholastic fighting; inasmuch, I say, as all this, it seems fitting to begin the story of Spinal's perpetration with an account of the young chief's coming.

He assumed an air of dignified reserve and all the efforts of Gabby and Harry and of the riotous mob which they found waiting at Harrisburg Junction were unavailing to make him unbend.

The train from the east was late and the train on the Galt branch was held until its arrival. There were about twenty of the boys from Brantford and the west gathered at the restaurant upon the hill, where:

"Pie, cake, biscuit, cheese, liquor and cigar" were, according to the sign, visible from all trains, "always kept for public use at old Jake's bar."

John Smoke had gravely accepted the invitation given him by Yankee Dickinson, and, after a libation of pop at that worthy's expense, had insisted upon buying out the entire stock of gingerbread.

Each boy was holding an enormous slab in his hand and Gabby was explaining to Harry that it could not have been "the price of the ride," but "the pride of the ryce" that had made the Indian boy sulk about his railroad ticket, when the train from the east gave a piercing whistle and all ran pell mell down the broad stairs, bolting their gingerbread as they ran.

A crowd of boys came piling off the train, excitedly seeking old friends among those on the platform. An angular, rangy youth in knickerbockers and a glengarry cap, whose most noticeable feature was a peculiar, quizzical grin, jumped into the midst of the gingerbread eaters who shouted, "Spinal Maginnis, by all that's crazy!" "Who else have you got there?" "Where's Chummy?" "Is Satan on board?" and a volley of questions which Spinal answered by filling his mouth with gingerbread grabbed from Gabby's slab and pointing speechlessly to the car from which Chummy Jones was emerging, dragging the ever guileless Satan Nixon. That obliging youth had put on a fringe of fiery red galways which Chummy had produced on the train, and as the heartless wretch, assisted by Spinal, had promptly manacled him with handkerchiefs, he still wore the decorative hirsute appendages. Chummy introduced him to the crowd as the new Irish master.

"Schmurtz," so called because he had never succeeded in breaking his tongue to the various gaits of German pronunciation, remarked to Bryan Boru that this was the greatest piece of enterprise the school had ever undertaken. He had always longed to study Irish and——"

"Ye dumb idiot, ye. That's Satan. What does he know about Irish? Saint Patrick drove him out wid the snakes"

And Satan was triumphantly marched over to the Galt train, Chummy meanwhile assuring him that he must be presented to Dr. Tassie before his whiskers could be removed.

John Smoke had stood aloof while this nonsense was going on, gravely taking it all in. He still held in his hand the slab of gingerbread, at which he had nibbled temperately while the others were ravenously stowing theirs away.

Every now and then an accidental jostle would bring a flash to his eye and a quiver to his nostrils. A great writer makes one of his characters say of another Iroquois who found himself in an equally disorderly mob and similarly shrank from contact:

"Indians won't risk being hit."

"What do they do if they are?" the teller of the story was asked.

"Kill, of course. That's why they have such proper manners."

John's Indian blood was diluted a shade below the purity essential to the practice of this ancient virtue, but it surged up in his breast and showed in his face.

Spinal had with difficulty managed to escape from Gabby's eager discourse on John Smoke and his nation,

and began to make the acquaintance of the young chief, destined to be his unwitting partner in crime.

"Rough lot, aren't we? What's your name?"

"Sakayingwaraton,' was the unexpected but delightful answer—John's thoughts were on war and, for the moment, the pale faces' translation of his name was nothing to him.

"Oh, I say!.. That's a bully name. What does it mean?"

"The haze that rises from the ground on an autumn morning and vanishes as day advances. But people don't have time to say that, so they call it 'Smoke'."

"I'd like to learn the Indian name to call you that, for I think it's great."

'Come on. All aboard for Galt!" Spinal led the way, manfully demolishing the slab of gingerbread which John hesitatingly pressed on him.

He kept his new friend cornered during the half-hour's run and, thanks to his insinuating manners, had materially added to his large and varied assortment of Indian lore by the time "Galt" was announced by the brakesman.

"Ah! Ye're like the young bears—all your troubles before ye," was Mrs. Tassie's time-honored and enigmatic welcome to the new boys who were dragged in for her inspection.

If there had been a diarist among the irresponsible lot, the next entry in the journal of the schoolboy Pepys would certainly have been: "Then to the kitchen window," where smiling, willingly deluded Aggie handed out pieces of pie, with a pretense of stealth, to her favorites, who were practically all comers.

John Smoke, when telling to Spinal's sympathetic ears, how the ticket agent at Brantford had affronted him, had expressed deep regret that he was not darker. He explained that the Six Nations had considered it their duty in times of war to adopt into the tribes many white children whose parents had been killed, and no doubt some of these were among his ancestors. This, Spinal thought, was interesting, but unfortunate, and he brought John that evening a bottle of dye which he said was guaranteed to make any skin a deep copper color and was infallible The word passed unnoticed, John not being as yet familiar with Spinal's peculiarities of speech, but he had reason to remember that word afterwards.

"I got Mellish to mix it up for me. It's a great business. I'd like to be a desecrator myself." John little thought as he marvelled at Spinal's language, how true a word that was to prove.

John was wise enough to try the dye on his hands first, and the effect was too startlingly aboriginal, even for him. So the bottle was put away in Spinal's locker and John said he was content after all to have white blood in his veins, since Osceola the noble Seminole and Thayendinega, the great Mohawk, whose civilized patronymic, Brant, had given the name to John's native town, had both been similarly handicapped.

CITRIC ACID, THE DRUGGIST SAID, WAS THE THING, AND SPINAL, AFTER [illegible] A LIBERAL STOCK RETURNED BY AN UNFRIENDLY UNITED WAY

In due time John, much to his delight, learned of the wigwam-building instinct of the boys which asserted itself every fall with unfailing regularity. Then he was in his element and before long the League of the Kanonsionni was formed.

It came about in this wise.

On a hazy autumn afternoon, a dozen kindred spirits were resting from their labors and lazily admiring the finished result—a graceful structure of cedar bark.

John broke the silence.

"You, Spinal led us here and showed us how to build it. It is a true 'long house' such as my people used to build, and such as gave the name to the nation, the Kanonsionni—the [illegible] phorical long house stretching [illegible] the Niagara to the Hudson, [illegible] they lived when they were in [illegible] glory. You should be called Shononhsese—he has a long house."

"Why not give us all Indian names?"

"Yes! yes!" all the [illegible] in.

A far away look came into [illegible] brown eyes as he said: "There can [illegible] of the great league when now they [illegible] but a sad memory. We will [illegible] house, as my people [illegible] of peace long ago. Listen to the [illegible] with which the memory of his work is preserved, as I have learned them from my father.

"Gather wood and build the council fire

"Our forefathers made the [illegible] said, 'here they are to kindle a [illegible] here at the edge of the woods [illegible] to condole with each other in [illegible] words.'

Under the Indian boy's direction [illegible] formed a circle, sitting around the [illegible]

"The law says this: 'Now [illegible] council [illegible] is [illegible] by [illegible] You, Freeman, will be Ayonhwahtha. Now the smoke rises and ascends to the sky that everybody may see it"

. . . . . .

The temptation is strong to recount the impressive ceremonies of the Iroquois condoling council as they [illegible] been handed down through the [illegible] turies from chief to chief, confirmed by records worked in wampum [illegible] and committed to memory [illegible] midnight shades around the [illegible] fire, when the long roll of departed heroes was called and after each name the encircled warriors chanted.

> This was the roll of you,
> You that combined in the work;
> You that completed the work;
> The Great Peace!

But these and many other beautiful and curious records of a vanishing race are more fitly told in the Iroquois Book of Rites where they have been faithfully recorded as taken down from the words of the last of the [illegible] chiefs. And those who love such things will find them there.

Strange that Peace should be the theme of the sacred book of the dreaded Six Nations, but so it is written.

As an illustrious name was given to one boy after another and the chant rang out, "This was the roll of you—" Spinal was finally constrained to exclaim: "Say fellows, isn't that incompatibly grand?"

"Now I have finished!" John shouted. "Show him to me! Ayonhwahtha!"

Harry stood up.

This was the roll of you;
You that combined in the work;
You that completed the work;
The Great Peace'

rang out under the trees, John's Indian gutturals giving a strong, rough tone to the chorus, and it seemed as though the shades of departed warriors were thronging around.

Spinal, who was visibly affected, commented. "Thoroughly opprobrious selection. Harry is a perfect reincarceration of the old hero" before Chummy succeeded in shutting him off

"Reincarnation is the word, Spinal."

"It isn't either. '

"Spinal ! Spinal !" the much tried Chummy implored, "if you must talk in the idiom of a vile Baikie, refrain at least during this sacred ceremony."

All through the following winter they gathered around the fire in the "long house" and drank in Sakayingwaraton's instructions in the ceremonies of the Kanonsionni. Many traditional rites were unfolded to them and by spring they considered themselves as true Iroquois as any to the manor born, and never a word of it all had been divulged to the outside world.

On Queen's birthday the annual lacrosse match with William Bill's team of Six Nation Indians was played, and the stalwart "first twelve" of the school, captained by Bulldog Wallace, won, through dogged determination, a hard fought victory by the narrow margin of one goal.

The town boys had turned out in force to see the game. Spinal, who had led the young chief to the opposite side of the field, was holding him persuasively by the arm and emphasizing his argument by an appeal to the evidence of the faces of their traditional foes

"Just look at those Baikie apes. They're clean crazy over it. You fix up with William Bill to arrange a game between them and his Indians and I'll guarantee the rest. Guess we're as good Iroquois as they are, any day."

John Smoke permitted himself a wry smile, and carelessly moved in the direction of William Bill, whose manner to the son of his chief was delightfully respectful. They remained in earnest colloquy some time, and shortly thereafter the Baikie had arranged with the Six Nations team of younger boys, hitherto unknown by the townfolk.

The boys of Baikie's school, who had only taken up lacrosse since the Queen's birthday game, began to practise every day, and when they announced that they had arranged through William Bill a match with a team of Indian boys, the townspeople, who, it was said with pity, were all either related to some Baikie ape or else were friends of his family, decided to attend in a body.

Of course their sympathies were with the home team, but those redoubtable fighters who, in the good old days when fights with the Tassie Apes were winked at, had faced the foe on many a stricken field, were in no need of sympathy. It was evident that they had quite a distinct advantage in weight and, while not as practised lacrosse players as their opponents, they were old hands at "shinny" and soon realized that hard and indiscriminate slashing was the most effective game for them to play.

The "Indians" promptly showed a disposition to mix it and the game ended in a free fight before it had fairly begun. It is best to draw a curtain over the details of what followed. The Canadian national game can be as gentle or as otherwise as its players desire, and I would not give carping critics arguments against it. Suffice it to say that the lacrosse sticks, painted as was the fashion among the boys of that age, proved effective weapons and were decorated with a new and more brilliant crimson stain before the combatants could be separated and the Indians hustled off in their bus.

During the "game" the young braves had uttered no words save unintelligible Indian jawbreakers, but as the driver, fiercely urged by the threatening warrior perched beside him, whipped up his horses, this somewhat unexpected language might have been heard,

"Sanctuary all right."

"If you refer to the vehicle, your language is well chosen, but if, as I imagine, you mean the game, sanguinary is the word you intend to use."

"Gee !" said one grinning savage, as he was divesting himself of his feathers and finery. "That was like old times. The best Baikie fight in years."

"Good thing," added another, "that we remembered all those Indian names. They must have sounded like swearing all right. Don't think anyone caught on, did they ?"

"Say, Spinal," an eager lot chorused, "where's the stuff to take this dye and war paint off ?"

"There isn't any," Spinal complacently assured them. "It's infallible Has to wear off. I'm an artistic desecrator all right," and he looked around at the brilliantly striped faces with pride.

It would be hard to say whether dismay or disgust was more evident in the faces of his team mates.

HE BROUGHT JOHN THAT EVENING A BOTTLE OF DYE GUARANTEED TO TURN ANY SKIN A DEEP COPPER COLOR

This was in the town hall dressing room where William Bill, after his team's evening war dance entertainment, given after the Queen's birthday game, had left a full outfit of feathered and beaded trappings for John Smoke's use.

Fortunately no immediate action was necessary as the young chief had obtained permission for himself and his friends to look after the comfort of the Indian boys, and see them safely on their way. He had represented, quite truthfully, that the parents of the boys would expect him and his friends to take good care of them.

So there was nothing for the boys to do, until darkness would permit them to reach their rooms, save to consume the provisions brought in by the town hall caretaker and to revile Spinal, to both of which they did full justice

And this was heard in the backroom next morning amid much splashing

"Say, Spinal, how do you get this stuff off ?"

"I've been scrubbing for half an hour."

"Lend me that pumice stone."

"Yes, pumice will take it off all right," and the speaker exhibited a raw, abraded spot on the tip of his nose.

"What did Mellish put in it anyway, Spinal ? Some madder you say? You'll be some madder before I get through with you."

Continued on page 260

Making Good on 163

By John Fleming Wilson

Illustrated by A. O. Fischer

"IF THE GALE VEERS, USE THE ENGINES"

"THE loife of most childher really begins whin their legs hould thim up to do mischief," said Chief Engineer Mickey O'Rourke. "But a lightship is different from all other childher and ships. It ain't a light-ship if it's movin', and whin it sta-arts to move, misther, it usually soon stops bein' a ship. Ach-ho-o-oh!" His sigh rose to the faint note of the wind overhead. He was talking to Captain Rasmussen of Columbia River No. 195, and they both stood on the after grating of that vessel staring at the tender Heather, returning to harbor at Port Arthur from putting No. 195 on her station amid the gray currents of Lake Superior. It was a dull day in February, lit by a declining sun that burned behind the eternal bank of clouds that lies in the west.

The captain echoed the engineer's thought. "I think she'll hold her moorings," he remarked. "This time she's got a good half mile of cable to ride to, chief. And good cable—the commander tested it himself."

The Irishman at the rail bristled, fierce mustaches skyward. "She has been returned to this station six toimes to me knowledge," he remarked. "And though ye've a new logbook, misther, and this is Voyage No. 1 in the register, we all know that No. 195 is no more an' no betther than old 163 whom fear of God nor the British Empire cud not kape to an anchor. . She's a prodigal daughter, sor, and with a new crew and yerself, misther, all new besoides ould Mickey O'Rourke who always had the luck of a priest in new parish, she'll be a prodigal yet and she'll—"

Rasmus en's face glimmered with a smile. "Shut up, Mickey," he said affectionately. "It's a fresh start all around. No. 195 never yet went adrift in a gale; none of us were ever on her when she was 163, and stop your croaking. Here we are, taut and tight on our station, and the weather good and plenty of fresh meat in the galley. Of course the crew is a new one and we—"

"We don't know whether they'll shake into a friendly mess of bhoys with no fights or feuds, or hould a fair ivery night with clubs and harrd worrds," the chief concluded for him. "'Tis all in the dark for us all. Saints kape us from harrm and make new 195 betther than the ould prodigal of a 163, which was niver right and always astray over the deep watters or nosing into the wickedness of the beach."

Rasmussen sighed, too. The vessel they were on bore an evil reputation. Men had died on her by accident. Men they knew had been crushed under her gear when she misbehaved She had parted her moorings a dozen times, and once she had flung herself bodily into the threatening maze of reefs off North Head. Now she was renamed, rebuilt, sent out as a new ship to redeem herself. He heard the hum of the power in her big boilers, the thrashing of a pump below, the clang of a shovel in the stokehold. A plume of steam waved from the exhaust pipe. A strand of smoke curled from the galley skylight, showing that the cook was busy. He gave voice to his thoughts:

"I don't know the crew, but I reckon they'll settle down all right. A lot of 'em were never on a light-ship before. But they look all right."

The chief engineer nodded, bright eyes on the stumpy masts. "We're all prodigals togither," he said. "I niver knew the sailor who wasn't, poor fool! We're no betther than the ould

"SHE'S A PRODIGAL DAUGHTER, SOR," SAID O'ROURKE "WHOM NEITHER FEAR OF GOD NOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE CUD KAPE TO AN ANCHOR"

ship, misther. But we'll stick to our station and obey the commander and—but why borrow throuble whin it's always on the doorstep like the milk in its little pail? I'll go below and see me bhoys and inform thim that they are a set of wastrels and fools. Thin they'll know I know their faults and have done with it."

He departed, casting a last bright glance of encouragement at the captain as he swung down the companionway steps. Rasmussen shook himself inside his jacket and addressed the mate, who came along to see to the lighting of the big lamps. "Have you figured out sunset?"

"Four-thirty-one," said the officer. "Looks to me like a gale coming."

"Always a gale coming," growled Rasmussen. "But we have a fresh nip on the cable, a tight ship and nothing to worry over."

"I'm not worrying," the mate retorted, resenting the suggestion. "But there isn't a man in the crew that knows the work. And these lamps aren't fitted with the canvas jackets, and they'll blow out on us if it pipes."

"Better make some jackets for them to-morrow," Rasmussen assented. "And go easy with the crew for a day or so. Let 'em get settled down in their quarters. There'll be work enough for us all before the winter breaks."

"There goes North Head light," said the mate, suddenly leaping into activity. To his shrill whistle the lamps slowly rose from their houses and crept up the masts till they swung just under the trucks. Rasmussen gazed at them critically, saw no dimness nor sign of neglect, nodded to the mate and went below, thrusting his great bulk carefully through the booby hatch. In the little cabin he found the messboy engaged in scraping up a white heap of sugar from the deck.

"The whole place is greased, sir," that wretched functionary complained. "And I can't keep foot on a spot for a second at a time, sir."

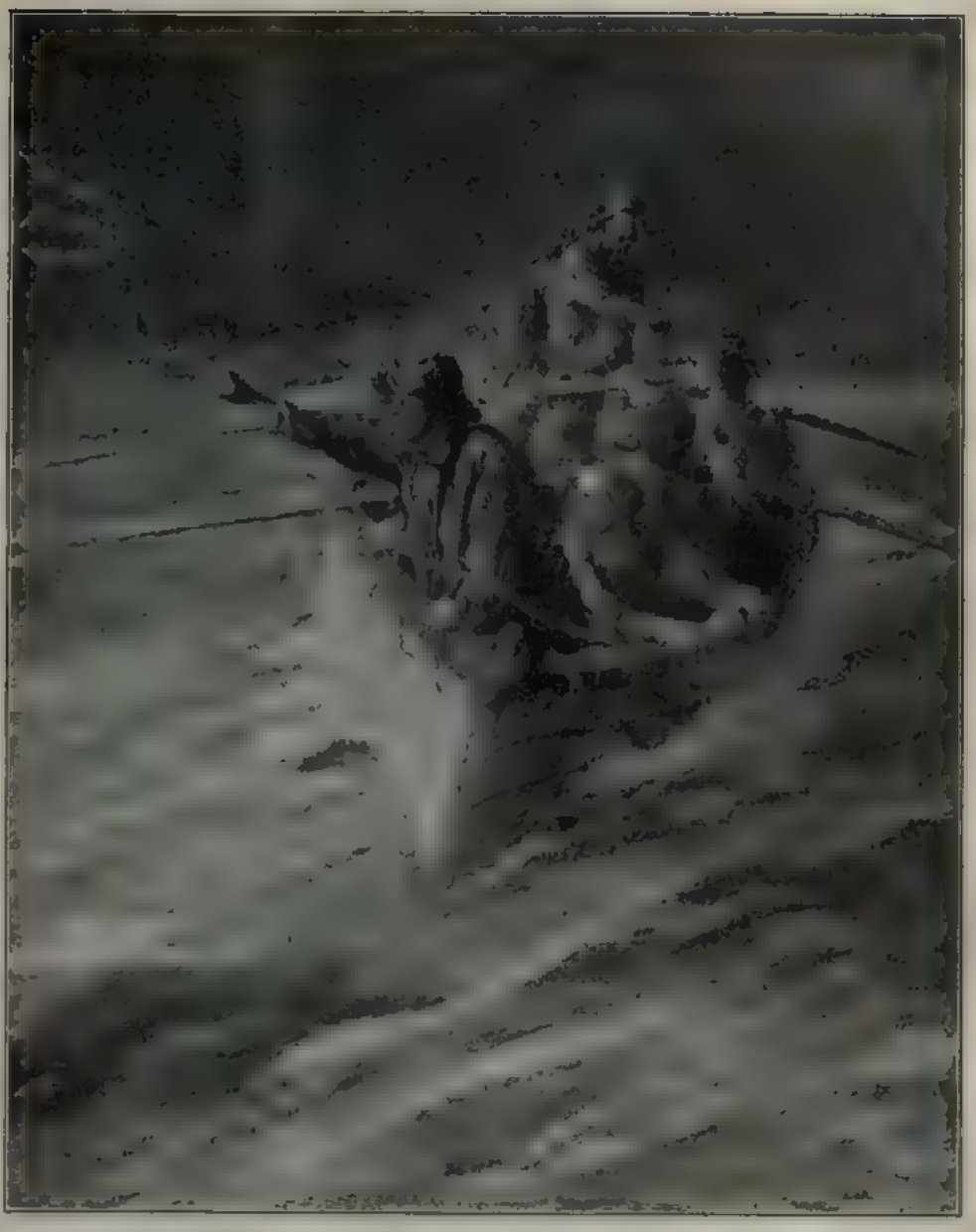
Rasmussen nodded and went on into his own little room, where he surveyed himself in a six-by-eight glass and caught a look of disgust on his own face. He pulled himself up sharply. "None of that, cap," he soliloquized. "This isn't any ship to be getting cross on. Just keep your temper and smile!" He came out again and cheerily hailed the boy. "Lucky that sugar spilled on the deck and not into the soup," he remarked. "Has the cook a good dinner for us to-night?"

The boy smiled back, suddenly unconstrained. "Awful good, sir. But—"

"But what?" Rasmussen drawled.

"He says this ship is old 163, sir, and she's hoodooed!"

The captain's drawl did not change a particle. "Just tell the doctor that so long as the hoodoo keeps away from his pots and pans, it won't hurt him." The boy vanished, catching the meaning of the smile that concluded the remark



ANOTHER CREST FLUNG THE LITTLE CRAFT INTO MOMENTARY CALM AS A SECOND LINE WHIPPED DOWN TO THE HUDDLED HOPELESS GROUP IN IT

At dinner Rasmussen surveyed his officers. The mate he knew as an excellent seaman newly come into the Establishment, a silent, slow-stepping man, who, rumor said, had spent two wild years in the Antarctic. Mickey O'Rourke, chief engineer, had been in the Establishment twelve years, and concealed under Irish wit and irrepressible spirits the dogged skill and unwavering competence won by an honorable career in countless ships O'Rourke's assistant, unknown to the Establishment, seemed experienced and capable. Rasmussen took them all in with a frank glance. "The cook is all right," he said.

"So long as the teeth are busy the tongue is idle," said the chief, reaching for the meat platter, which sidled between the fiddles. "Feed the men well and the divvil yawns."

The mate took his teacup from the messboy and glanced at his superior "I gave the men for'ad leave to rig up a place for their talking machine," he announced

"They had b tter take care it doesn't get smashed," the captain remarked "It's going to blow before morning hard"

As if to emphasize his statement No. 195 lurched heavily and came up against her cable with a jar that rattled the cabin fixings. It was followed by a second wild plunge that spun the messboy across the deck and into his little pantry, whence issued restrained groans and strong lanuage. O'Rourke got up from his seat and departed for

his engine room, the door slamming behind him. His assistant thoughtfully helped himself to more biscuit and then said gently, "Are we to keep up a full head of steam all the time, sir?"

"Yes," said Rasmussen. "The commander doesn't want this ship to go ashore. Orders are to be always ready to turn the engines over so that if the the cable breaks we can stand off and make port."

"I've heard this ship is somewhat of a prodigal," the assistant engineer said, rising

The captain frowned. Then his brow relaxed. "Mickey has been telling him," he thought to himself. But he winced at the word now several times said in his ear—*prodigal*. It seemed to him expressive of something vaguely distasteful, of tainted loyalty, of deliberate treason to the great Establishment. And, too, it seemed to mark the crew of 195 as men unbound to each other by a common service; as if he, Rasmussen, had been put out on this station with a mere collection of unreliables, impossible to weld into a unified and disciplined body. He rose and went on deck.

His sharp glances swept the sea from the faint glimmer of North Head to the south in which Tillamook light should have burned like a star. But apart from the single faint needle point of light to the north he saw nothing Above, the overcast sky seemed to be breaking into great billows of cloud. The shrewd wind out of the southeast was whipping the long, even rollers into sparkles of spume. The intermittent jerk of the anchor cable told of a steadily increasing current. As if a breath had extinguished it, North Head light vanished into the darkness. Rasmussen instantly became alert. He called the sailor on watch by the forward lamp house and said, "Tell the chief engineer to start the whistle and bell." The man disappeared.

While he waited, Rasmussen stared over his little vessel by the gleam of the swinging lanterns. He recalled with impatience the history of old 163, wondered why, after all, they had thought it worth while to remodel and rename her after that last time she was wrecked. "Better to have sent her to the boneyard and built a new one," he mused. "Still——"

The great whistle above him gave forth a resonant bellow, thrilling into the night like a vast sound of pain. It ceased, and he counted the seconds of the interval. As he reached "twenty" the blast blared out again, sounding the steady, invariable note that throbbed seaward in warning to befogged ships. From the engine room he caught the quick *clack-clack* of the engine that ran the mechanism and timer of the whistle and another more laborious and restrained note—the beat of the submarine bell compressor. From the depths of the water overside it came up—*One-Nine-Five. . .One-Nine-Five. .*

He counted the quick bells, verified the intervals between signals and relaxed with a sigh. All was working as it should. No. 195, the prodigal, was on her station once more—vigilant, obedient, serving the great Establishment with faith, and sincerity.

Later that night Rasmussen stood in the long alleyway that led from the cabin under the steel deck past the lit engine room and into the berth deck forward. His huge bulk swayed easily to the plunge and toss of the light-ship. His hands in his jacket pockets, his shoulders squared, he watched the scene under the swinging berth-deck lamps.

The cook, white face adorned with huge spectacles, was reading, crouched on one of his own meat casks under a small lantern. His old and seamless countenance shone with the unguents of years of cooking. His white arms slipped noiselessly back and forth across his protuberant chest as he cradled his book between fat hands. Beyond him a seaman was lashing his box under the iron stanchions of a berth. A second seaman was peering into the recesses of a big boot, apparently hunting for some trifle stored therein. Over the thwartships table the messboy rubbed a greasy rag, doggedly trying to remove spilled kerosene from the table's surface. Two firemen lounged against a pillar, pipes in mouth, caps rakishly on the backs of sooty heads. And above them and among them roared the intermingled sounds of the laboring ship, the creak of plates, the screech of the preventer-blocks on the great windlass, the sullen, coughing jar of the cable as it answered the pull of the buried anchor. At constant intervals the boom of the whistle swept down under the low deck, stilling all other sounds. Far down the vessel's side the submarine bell tapped unwearied its message—*One-Nine-Five. . .One-Nine-Five. . .*

Rasmussen sighed gently. A touch on the arm made him glance round. The chief engineer stood by his side, bristling mustache gleaming like froth above his lips. "The bhoys look at home, misther," he said gently

Will they stand for the months of this, though?" the captain mused, half to himself

"They'll shake down all right," was the cheerful assurance. "Though I've seen ships—ships—ye know what I mean, misther."

Rasmussen knew. He remembered those dark, half-told stories, mere whispers caught out of the dark, of light-ships whose crews fell asunder and fought interminably in their [illegible] ing hell, of vessels on lonely [illegible] out of which poured to the [illegible] and heedless sky a constant and [illegible] mutter of shackled hatred, of [illegible] and travailing malice, their [illegible] decks trod by weary men who peered eternally out of raging eyes for the smoke of the tender that was to come and [illegible] agony. Yes, he knew His eyes caught the engineer's suddenly pitiful [illegible] He laid [illegible] the old man's arm. "Mickey, [illegible] be no such—I guess we'll [illegible] boys—we've both [illegible] and it's up to us to keep things [illegible] right."

Mickey turned bright, old eyes on his superior. His hands, [illegible] forty years of toil, went out in a sing passionate gesture. "Oh, misther! breathed, suddenly caught in [illegible] of memory "I cudn't stand it, sor

Rasmussen' shoulder [illegible] till his [illegible] seemed to [illegible] 'The boys will be all right [illegible] cheerfully

They parted silently, half afraid of their own thoughts, for certain [illegible] are never spoken of in the Est[illegible] ment. And to have even [illegible] to each other these fears bore the aspect of treason.

The long night wore itself out [illegible] the scanty dawn came with [illegible] rising seas. The lamps were [illegible] down, and the ship [illegible] the day's business. The [illegible] necessarily with [illegible] boats and deck gear. [illegible] room [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] engine [illegible] and bell [illegible] through the [illegible] middle of the [illegible] down with [illegible] Rasmussen listened to the mate's low-toned explanation with bitter lines about his mouth

"The cook and that putty-faced fireman got in a row this morning over the hot water," the mate related savagely. "That started things, and I took the knife away from the cook, and then that thrice-[illegible] and now the whole crew is up in arms Say [illegible]

Rasmussen stared thoughtfully at his mate. "Let things settle themselves," he said presently. But keep an eye on the cook. Tell him if I catch him using that knife, or any knife, he'll sweat in irons."

Slowly as the day passed and the storm increased in violence, Rasmussen drew his officers together for offense and defense. The cook had spoiled the midday meal, and the crew, wrangling among themselves, were growing

ugher and uglier under the stress of streaming decks, wildly lurching ship and enforced crowding into the odorous berth deck. Master and mate, with O'Rourke's ready tongue, tried to soften asperities and maintain their own aloofness for discipline's sake, while at the same time bringing the sulking crew to better mind. But at dinner time O'Rourke voiced their discouragement: "The cook shud be biled in his own fat, misther. If iver I ate worse or less, may neither priest, book nor bell be widh me whin I die."

Rasmussen grimly surveyed the half-cooked mess that filled the big white bowl before them. He grimaced over the tea, scowled at the sodden bread, and said, "That cook goes ashore first boat."

"But we've got to put up with this for two months, maybe," the mate growled. "Is there anybody else aboard can cook?"

Rasmussen shook his head. "I don't know of anybody; and this cook is all right, too. I wonder whatever stirred up the row?"

O'Rourke brushed his cap back with an awkward hand, and for the first time discovered that he had been at table covered and apologized contritely. "We're all mixed up and muddled, like a bride's first cake," he said. "But there ain't anything the matter, sor, but the—the *ship*, misther. God forgive me for saying so, but it's thrue."

Rasmussen shook his head. Then he clinched all argument by remarking: "The wind is hauling into the south'ard. We're in for a week of this."

"I've starrved before," the chief engineer remarked grimly. "Me stomach has cost me nothing but expinse and worry all me loife, and now it can go hang! If 'twere not for its being a new vessel we could sup on the smells of last voyage's dinners. But niver a perfume can I pick out excipt red paint and new rope; and thot's a poor prospect—to ate red lead and hang yersilf, misther." He departed.

When the cloth was cleared away the captain sat down to write up the log, in which duty he was interrupted by the mate, who came from the deck to say, "It's getting thicker and thicker. And the sea is running up from the sou'west. D'ye s'pose the gale will veer into that quarter?"

"If it does," Rasmussen answered, frowning, "we'll need those engines. The links aren't made that hold against that kind of a wind and sea. But I don't think we need be afraid of a sou'wester. They usually stay off shore. – What's *that*?"

They leaped for the door and plunged up the steps and into the howling storm above. Crouched in the lee of the lamp house, they listened for a repetition of the sound that had brought them up. But all they heard was the steady blast of the whistle, and the *ting-ting* of the submarine bell. The mate bent his lips to his superior's ear. "It was a signal of some sort, sir."

Rasmussen nodded, shielding his eyes against the scurrying gusts that came round their little shelter. Then his heavy hand clutched the mate's arm. They stared at each other, and their simultaneous cry went ringing down the companionway, "Turn out, all hands!"

Within five minutes No. 195 was ready for any emergency. In the engine room O'Rourke was carefully warming up his engines, between whiles exhorting his firemen to be careful of the coal. His assistant labored over pumps and valves, grinning up at his superior from pure delight at a chance for excitement. O'Rourke caught him by the arm as he dived down the steps, wrench in hand. "La-ad, if we're run down by that steamer that's yappin' out there in the fog, kape the foires goin' as long as you can." And in the passing of that word the whole engine room settled into disciplined quiet; firemen thoughtfully watching the gauges or checking the speed of overlaboring feed pumps.

On deck Rasmussen clung to the rail in the full blast of the tempest. His eyes were searching the darkness for some light that would tell him what and where was the vessel whose bellows of distress roared out of the gloom, bull-like, plangent, imperative. His mate, crouched in the lee of a lamp house, listened for those overtones that can be heard only (like the sea in a shell) in some slight shelter. Here and there a seaman hung to a pin or a rail, vigilant and ready to leap into activity.

Suddenly the whole ship seemed to relax. Rasmussen dropped away from the rail, the mate came out of his shelter and the crew gathered more closely together. A flicker of light glimmered in the cloudy, spumey darkness just ahead. Rasmussen sought the mate's ear. "If she hits us, try to clear away a boat," he said calmly.

"I'll try," said the mate simply.

A sailor clutched his fellow's arm. "My God, if she runs us down, nobody'll ever get out alive." His companion turned his bleak face to him. "'Nd that's what this light-ship business means," he snarled. "They said it was all easy pickings and nothing to do! My Gad!" His raucous complaint was whipped from his blue lips by the storm.

Slowly they watched the glimmer glow into brilliancy. As the single glow suddenly separated into many. Rasmussen sighed. "They've got her under some control," he remarked to the mate. "At any rate, we've got a show to save our vessel."

"What an easy thing it would be to slip our cable and run," the mate said to the night. Rasmussen paid no attention to this, accepting it in the spirit it was given, a mere reference to the great rule that no light vessel must ever quit its moorings under any circumstances. They watched the slow progress of the bellowing steamer till master and mate both leaped forward. "She's sinking!" they yelled. "Stand by to heave a line to their boats!"

It was true. Rising and falling on the great, slithering seas, this unknown vessel gradually swung in a manner that showed trained eyes that she was preparing to launch boats. Rasmussen groaned. "If they manage to get a boat away in this sea they're wonders!"

The mate sought counsel. "Shall I be ready with our boat to pick them up if they don't make it?"

"You can try," said the captain dryly, thereby sending the mate down among the crew with swift orders, at first misunderstood, then balked at. "No boat can ever live. [illegible] even launch one in this sea. [illegible] send us to sure death. . . . Let the steamer try it. . . . Not us that's going Mister Mate! . . ."

The mate glared into the murk. "Volunteers?" he managed to croak in his wrath.

A loud roar from Rasmussen shot through the tumult. "They lost that first boat!"

The mate stepped into an angle of light from the soaring lamps. "Volunteers?" he croaked again.

A man shambled forth, lost his balance and was dragged to his feet by the mate's outstretched arm. "I'll go," he mumbled.

Other men tumbled, ran and slipped to join the first one. The mate got their growls: "Sure . . . poor devils . . . maybe there's women . . . *sure* . . ." The mate cast them an order: "Clear off the canvas and get ready!" They swarmed up and over the big boat, fast locked in its chocks.

But Rasmussen was sending his keen gaze unswervingly at the steamer rapidly drifting down. He saw the brilliant lights die, heard the boom of its whistle gurgle into silence and knew that the fires had been swamped. Two or three pallid lights shone out—lanterns wavering in the shelter of strong hands. He dimly saw a second shadowy boat drop into the seething lee, saw dark figures tumbled down into it, caught the glint of white faces. His triumphant roar rang down the light-ship's deck. "They got their boat away! Stand by to cast 'em a line!"

Men rushed to the rail, battling for hand hold against the driving crests

that swept up and over No. 195. The mate, with upthrown arms, dispersed his boat's crew to find lines and be ready. The steamer's lights suddenly faded and there was a dull muffled boom of boilers exploding and heavy fabric riven. A boat darted out into the pale radiance of the high lamps, a boat half awash, dominated by a man whose grim face was upturned boldly to Rasmussen's. A line whipped out from the light-ship and settled across the small boat. Hands grasped at this, a sailor yelled raucously from the forward murk and a second line hissed out into the wind to replace the one that parted. The man at the steering oar seemed to drive his whole weight to one side. A huge crest flung the little craft almost level with Rasmussen's eyes, and let it sink like a swallow. Then Rasmussen leaped for the after grating. The boat rode below him, swamped, crushed, filled with figures that seemed paralyzed and numb. He flung another line and saw it made fast.

In the next half hour the light-ship's crew worked furiously. It was impossible to lift the crushed boat and its living freight to the deck. Under the terrific impact of the racing seas it was a mere matter of time till the frail line would snap and the sinking boat be driven back into the darkness. But Rasmussen saved instants: his orders were obeyed with alacrity and miraculous swiftness. A whip was rigged. A rude bos'n chair was dropped down into the careering small boat, and a passenger hauled out and to the deck. The men at the tail of the whip waited, panting, for the order to haul away, and ran down the slippery deck, to their waists in thundering water, dragging their prey from the sea. The last person was on deck. The wrecked sinking boat swung fiercely at the end of its tether. Rasmussen peered down into it.

"Not ody left," he roared in the mate's ear

The shipwrecked huddled in the warm cabin, dripping, panting with cold, blue-faced, shuddering, glaring wretchedly at each other and their saviors. The captain of the wrecked steamer was wrapping up a wounded hand. A woman crouched on the quivering deck, trying to unwrap her wet shawl from about her child. Rasmussen surveyed them all pityingly.

"We'll warm you all up," he said through cracked lips. And as he spoke a white oily face was thrust in at the cabin door. It was the cook.

"I've got hot tea and bread and soup for them, sir," he announced in an abashed voice.

Behind him the messboy arrived, laden with dry clothes. "Sailors for'ad thought as they'd need some togs, sir," he explained, stammeringly.

Rasmussen nodded. "Feed 'em up, Doctor !" he told the cook, gratifying that functionary with approving tones "Tell the crew these people do need their clothes. Now let's see if we can't fix 'em all up comfortable."

As he went forward the captain looked into the engine room. Mickey O'Rourke was at his station above the slowly revolving engines. The firemen were down before the glowing furnace doors. The assistant engineer glanced up from the air compressor. Rasmussen no

"You can shut down," he said gravely

The assistant raised his voice: "Done with the engines, sir !"

O'Rourke looked up. "Did the steamer get by, misther ?"

Rasmussen stopped and peered down. "We got thirteen passengers off her, Mickey !"

The old man's face split into a smile. "Bedad, who says this ain't a lucky ship ? Sind thim down to git warrm be me foires, sor !" Master's glance met engineer's in mutual affection. As Rasmussen turned away he found the mate at his elbow. "The crew behaved splendidly," he muttered.

"Best ever," said his superior. "That was the *Eagle*, out of Tillamook."

"Did we get 'em all ?"

"Three men lost in the first boat," was the brief answer.

The mate's face fell. "Maybe I'd ought to tried for 'em," he murmured.

Rasmussen's heavy hand fell on his shoulder. "Ye ought to see Mickey," he said gently. "He don't know yet what's happened. He was down there at his engines, expecting every minute to see the bow of a steamer ramming into his machinery. That's Mickey for you—right on the job and not trying to do everybody's work. Ye couldn't have got those three men."

At midnight the solitary woman passenger off the unlucky *Eagle* laid her child down on Captain Rasmussen's bed. "He's asleep," she said softly.

The chief engineer peered at the little one, mustaches bristling.

"I've me own borrn sister has a child, too," he whispered. "But I doubt—sorra take me for going back on me own family—I doubt much, missis, whither it's as good-lookin' as yer own there." His rough finger touched the curls. "We're all black and wickud, ma'am, us Oirish fellays. And it's only the wimmen of us have the good looks."

"But you're so brave !" the woman said softly. "See, you've saved us all when we were dying !"

"Brave nothin'," said Mick [illegible] bnoys, all prodigals, ma'ar [illegible] neither woife nor childher to ou[illegible] but always at the sarvice of thim [illegible] has."

In the door of his galley forward the cook lounged complacently. In [illegible] contentedly the warmth, un[illegible] by the steady, intermittent [illegible] the whistle or the rapid, wea[illegible] *tang* of the submarine bell far [illegible] ship's steel side. The odor lingered in the air and one [illegible] salvaged one munched on a [illegible] The cook took his blackened [illegible] his lips. "There's more bo[illegible] he announced.

The sailor nodded. "Say," he [illegible] bled, "this ship is all right. S[illegible] comfortable. But I hear [illegible] was [illegible] of hoodoo [illegible] ye've got No. 195 pa[illegible] it

The cook grunted [illegible] coming up for their [illegible] "Forget it, son," he said [illegible] "This is No. 195. [illegible] no hoodoo on this old hooker

You bet there ain't [illegible] sailor, coming forward [illegible] "This here craft is all right [illegible] Doctor !"

The cook laid down his pipe and was lavish of his coffee. H[illegible] eyes took in the whole l[illegible] crew now jubilantly jamming [illegible] bodies into his doorway.

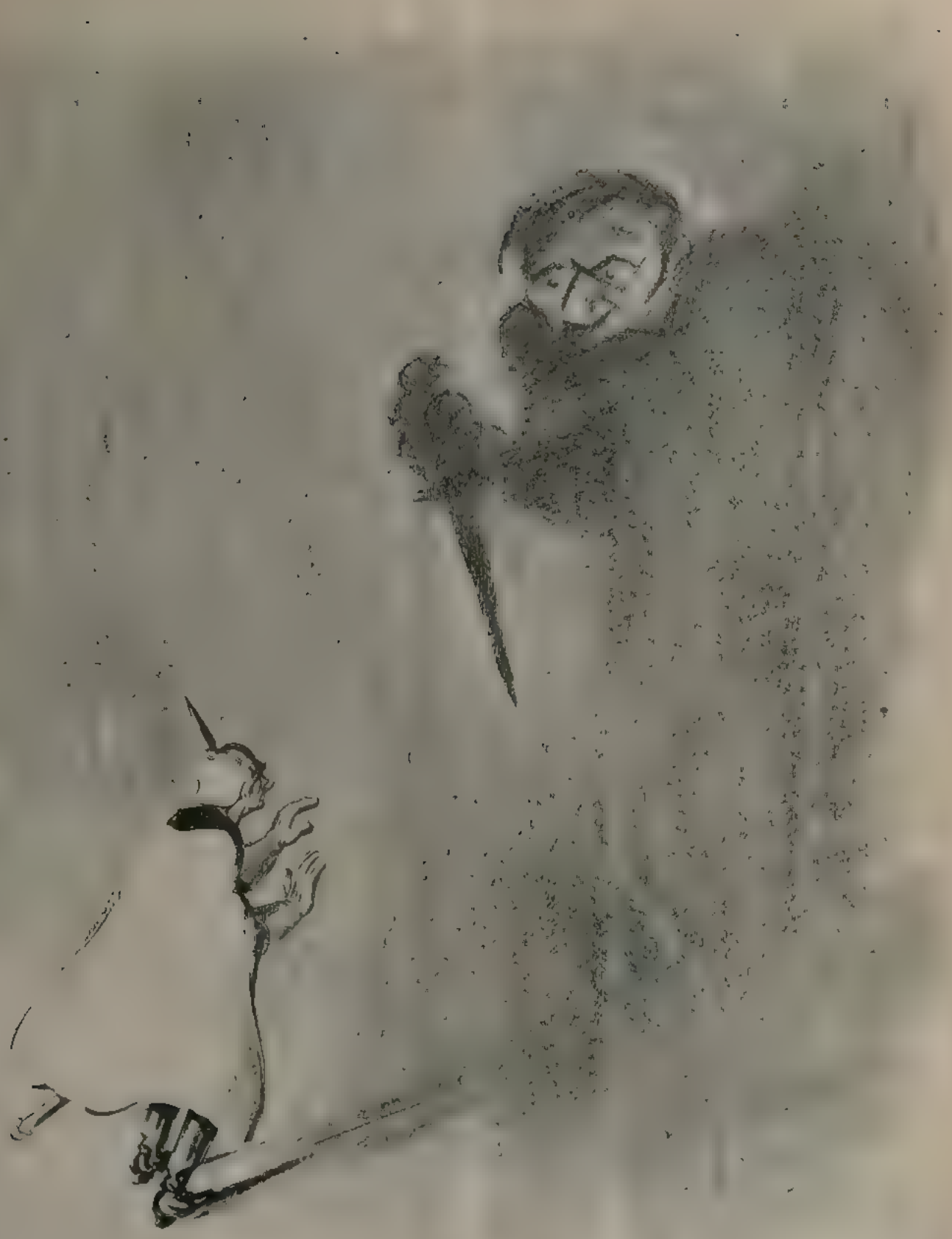
"You bet," he answered flourishing the coffee-p[illegible] "We'l[illegible] a dog's [illegible] old 195 [illegible] given us hail a show. Say, [illegible] kid in the cabin get enough [illegible] milk ? Here you, boy ! (The me[illegible] forward busily.) Go aft [illegible] lady in there just to sing [illegible] anything she want[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Rasmussen [illegible] up to the [illegible] Doctor," he drawled, "you're a wonder, you old prodigal !"

"This is sure a lucky ship sir," said the cook, swiftly [illegible] the hot chest. "I [illegible] pooh-pooh old 195, will [illegible] He handed the captain a [illegible] with a flourish.

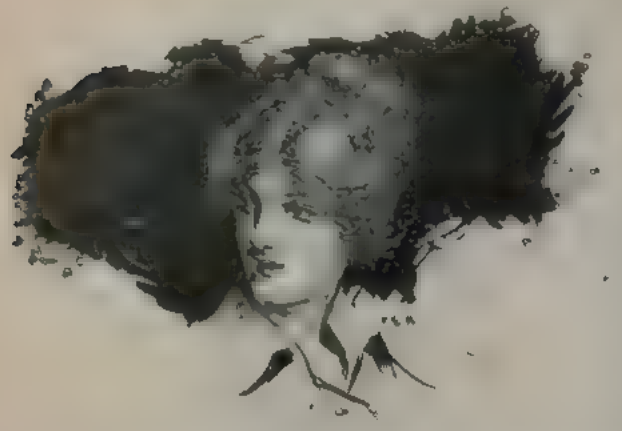
And the light vessel, her [illegible] forgotten, swung into the thrilling [illegible] cry, [illegible] her [illegible] seaward, throwing into the darkness and murk the radiance of her well-tended lights, no longer a prodigal, but, with her crew, one of the vast family of the great Establishment.

Far below the submarine bell clanged. *One-Nine-Five . One-Nine Five* the signal of renewed life and service



The Kaiser: WHO ARE YOU?
————: I AM TO-MORROW.

The Mystery of the Jade Earring



By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead [illegible] from a photograph. For some strange reason the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Lowell discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey [illegible] Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they [illegible] man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio Jeffrey [illegible] Taggart, has removed the picture from the frame but they cannot find it. Jeffrey leaves some [illegible] Paris studio, one of which was a girl's head and on going in quietly [illegible] candle and warming it at a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to bed to get rid of the [illegible] in his nerves. Returning [illegible] an unfinished portrait of a red-haired girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that someone had painted her own likeness [illegible] Next morning he [illegible] Lowell. He [illegible] Paris, and on [illegible] Jeffrey's departure was stand[illegible] noted was in keeping against the rail. The [illegible] for and—it was the girl of the picture. [illegible] the Meredith premises. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the [illegible] girl in Jeffrey's Paris studio. Dr Crow [illegible] cutting of the stolen portrait. [illegible] was shown Jeffrey's place, and seeing the [illegible] asked questions of Drew's servant [illegible] Jeffrey was [illegible] that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris. [illegible] after the Meredith [illegible] Was the [illegible] was Dr Crow at [illegible] [illegible] the Crow [illegible] which [illegible] Jeffrey explains [illegible] was in the care of the girl [illegible] the earring. While looking for a [illegible] Crow [illegible] dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has [illegible]

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Jeffrey laughed. "I appreciate the distinction," he said. "Go ahead."

"There'd be no use taking such a thing," the lieutenant went on, "because it wouldn't be possible to dispose of it. No regular fence would know what to do with it. If a man had stolen it, the only thing for him to do would be to get into communication with you and try to make you ransom it. And what should you pay money to ransom it for, when you can paint another?"

Jeffrey concealed his grin this time, and said demurely enough:

"Then the next step in your reasoning would be, I should think, that since pictures of this sort are never stolen, it follows that mine wasn't."

"Exactly," replied the lieutenant. "That's the way I figured it out. It wasn't stolen at all. It was borrowed."

We both exclaimed at that.

"Borrowed," repeated the lieutenant impressively.

"The borrower hasn't been in any hurry to return it," said Jeffrey with a laugh.

"He meant to return it," said the lieutenant, "but he couldn't."

Jeffrey looked around with a quick frown of interest.

"I've been expecting to catch up with you every minute," he said, "but I'm as far behind you as ever. How did you settle in your mind who this borrower had been?"

"You gave me the clue to that," said Richards. "You told me you had painted the portrait from a photograph of a lady who is dead. Do you remember that I asked you how much they were going to pay you for it? You thought the question was none of my business and you only gave me a general idea of the amount, but it was enough to go on. And then you said that as soon as you finished it, you went away on a three months' vacation."

"Do you mean to say," asked Jeffrey, "that the amount I had been paid for painting the picture helped to guide you to the discovery of the borrower of it?"

"It's like this," said Richards. "Anybody who would pay as many thousands as that for a portrait of a person who is dead must have a good deal of interest in that person and must have a lot of money left for other purposes.

"Now, anybody with lots of money and with exceptional interest in a person recently dead is particularly fair game for one sort of crook. That crook is the spiritualist. [illegible] been in the city the last [illegible] If you had and had kept up your interest in the doings of the police, you would have known there was a crusade on against the spiritualists.

"There are a number of very [illegible] ones in the city and they have pulled off some pretty big hauls. When they picked old man Morse clean and left his heirs holding the bag, they went a little too far and we got after them. It's wonderful how much they know about how carefully they watch people. That's the whole thing in their game, of course. They're prepared to take advantage of any opportunity that comes along."

The lieutenant got up, walked across the studio and threw open the door into the reception-room.

"I thought I'd see if your Jap boy had come back," he said.

"Come back?" said Jeffrey. "He shouldn't have gone out. He ought to be here now."

"He slipped away just after he let

me in," said Richards, "and I've an idea you won't see him again unless you want him for something. And in that case you'll have to come to us to find him for you. He's just the sort those people try to get hold of. They can pick up lots of interesting things, because people talk before them as they wouldn't before any one of their own sort."

"Well," said Jeffrey, "that's one on me. I've talked before him myself, as if he'd been a plaster image. Goodness knows what he may not have found out about me. But I'm beginning to get the idea, I think. My Jap set it off to some spiritualist that I am painting the portrait of a young lady who died a short time ago; that the person who commissioned me to paint it is wealthy, and then, by a lucky coincidence, that I was closing my studio and going off for a vacation.

"The spiritualist pays for the tip, comes up and borrows the portrait, with the idea of getting it safely back in place before my return. But before he gets through with it his place is raided and the portrait seized. That's a chain of reasoning, isn't it?"

Richards nodded.

"And when you'd thought it out as far as that," Jeffrey went on, "you went up into some sort of lumber room [illegible] and looked over the trunks [illegible] when you made [illegible]."

"By Jove!" said the lieutenant. "I never thought of that. I just went on the chance that your picture had been brought in."

"What if I had?" said Richards. "I had to figure it out that that picture might be yours, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Jeffrey, "and it's a good job."

"I still don't see," said I, "what the spiritualist wanted to borrow the portrait for."

"Why, to make up a ringer from, of course," said the lieutenant.

"Don't you see," said Jeffrey, "with the picture to work from, they'd be able to produce a materialization that would be mighty effective. They get the good ones just from hearsay reports of what people looked like. But with a portrait that showed the color of the hair and eyes and the type of expression that even reproduced, in some detail, a dress that had belonged to her—"

He broke off short and stood staring at us for a minute. Then, without another word, he rushed over to a big wardrobe and began pulling out its contents. They were very miscellaneous. All sorts of costumes, dresses, bits of drapery, old shawls. One at a time he threw them into a heap on the floor. It was a simple, but efficacious way of looking for something, and, to as unmethodical a man as Jeffrey, the only one.

"Well," he said at last, turning to face us when the wardrobe stood empty, "they must have got that, too. They gave me the girl's own dress to paint the portrait from," he went on. "I posed a model in it for the figure. They evidently took that, too. By Jove! That's almost as awkward as the loss of the picture."

"Oh, well," said Richards, "I can probably get it back for you. You will have to come down to headquarters and identify it. But it's undoubtedly there with the rest of the junk. You can see how slick the game is. With the gown itself and the portrait to make up from they could have made the old lady think she was seeing ghosts, all right, once they got their hooks into her."

Jeffrey paled a little and spoke to me with an uncertain little laugh.

"More ghosts!" he said. "It's queer the way it all fits in, isn't it, Drew?"

I nodded. For my own sake, as well as Jeffrey's, I was glad we had that earring — the one solitary, material assurance we possessed that we weren't dreaming or worse. For no mind, not even a solid, prosaic mind like my own, can resist a series of coincidences for very long. The notion that this portrait of the ghost girl that had so mysteriously disappeared had been found again in the parlors of a spiritualist gave me a queer sense of discomfort.

The lieutenant was looking from Jeffrey's face to mine in a puzzled, interested sort of way.

"More ghosts?" he questioned. "What do you mean by that? Have you been seeing them, you two?"

Neither of us had an answer ready for him, and before we could think of one there came a ring at the bell.

"That's probably the portrait now," said Jeffrey.

He had guessed right. For there in the doorway stood a big policeman carrying in his arms what was evidently a big canvas, wrapped in brown wrapping-paper.

"I told them to do it up carefully," said the lieutenant. "After I heard the price they were going to pay for it I began to see things different. I didn't think it was anything so very much when they brought it in."

Jeffrey laughed. "You're very much like everybody else, when it comes to art-criticism. They all want to see the price on the back before they know whether to get enthusiastic or not."

"Well," said the lieutenant, "when I went back this morning and took another good look at it I could see that it might be something pretty good."

Under his directions the policeman brought the canvas in and leaned it against the wall.

"That's all," said Richards.

The policeman saluted and turned to go. I heard the clink of coin as Jeffrey slipped his hand into his pocket and followed him out of the door.

"Now," he said as he returned a moment later. "Now for a look!"

He carried the canvas, still in its wrappings of paper, over to his big studio-easel and set it up. Then, carefully and eagerly, he began cutting the strings that held the paper in place. Then, with a single motion, he stripped the paper away and stepped back to get the full effect.

He looked at the thing. At first with a stare of simple incomprehension; then his face turned red, and with a snort of anger he wheeled round on the lieutenant.

"What sort of a fool joke is this?" he demanded

For my own part astonishment held me for a moment, just as it had held Jeffrey, and then I burst into a shout of uncontrollable laughter. For of all the ridiculous daubs that ever disgraced a canvas, this particular atrocity was certainly the worst. You have probably seen in the show-window of a department store a painter turning out "genuine oil-paintings" at the rate of four or five an hour, to be given away to the store's patrons with every five dollars' worth of purchases. Well this oil-painting looked a good deal like that, only it was very much bigger and very much worse.

"Isn't it yours?" asked Richards.

"Mine!" shouted Jeffrey. "No, I should say it was not mine."

"All right," said the lieutenant. "All right. I don't see anything to get sore about. It was there and it corresponded to the description."

"Corresponded—" Jeffrey looked at him blankly for a second, then looked back at the canvas. And then he too began to laugh. "You're quite right, Richards," he said when he got his breath. "You're quite right. It does correspond to the description. It's a blonde girl—at least she's meant for a girl—and that yellow swab stands for blonde hair. And that ghastly mess of white paint may have been meant for a white satin gown."

Jeffrey got his breath with difficulty. "It's all right," he assured the lieutenant. "You did your best and it was very clever of you, really."

"Oh, laugh, laugh," said the lieutenant. "Go on; don't mind me

For Jeffrey was overcome at this point by a fresh paroxysm.

"You didn't think much of it when you first saw it," he gasped. "But when you had another good look, you saw that it might be pretty good."

"They all look alike to me," said Richards, "and I thought if some nut would pay six thousand dollars for it, there must be something there."

"Drew," said Jeffrey, "hand the lieutenant a fresh cigar and get him a drink. We'll all have a drink," he said, "to the brilliant future of the painter and to the long life of his subject."

The lieutenant began to get his good humor back again.

"Well, my boy," he said, "I'm glad you didn't paint it, that's the truth Because I was thinking that if you got six thousand dollars for a thing like that, you painters must be almost as ripe for a raid as the spiritualists."

He settled back comfortably with his fresh cigar and began rolling the joke around in his capacious head. He was enjoying it more and more every minute.

Jeffrey, on the contrary, seemed suddenly sober. He paid no attention whatever to the lieutenant's jokes, but stood in front of that atrocious canvas, his hands deep in his trouser-pockets his head sunk forward from his shoulders, staring at it in thoughtful abstraction.

"Coming to see something in it at last yourself, are you?" asked Richards.

"Yes," said Jeffrey seriously, "I am."

He lifted the stretcher from the easel, turned it around and looked at the back of it; rubbed his fingers over the canvas, then replaced it on the easel and stared at it a little longer. Then, with a sudden air of decision, he went over to his paint-table and came back with a big tin pot of unpleasant looking, blackish-green salve. In another minute, with the aid of a palette-knife, he was rapidly smearing this stuff all over the surface of the canvas.

"Hold on!" said Richards. "That thing may not be much good, but it's somebody's darlin'. I can't let you spoil it."

The hand that held the palette-knife went on all the faster.

"Don't you worry," said Jeffrey. "I'm not spoiling it. I'm increasing its value about twenty thousand per cent."

There was a ring of excitement in his voice that I couldn't account for. But whenever Jeffrey spoke in that particular tone I stopped trying to interfere with him. He knew what he was about when he talked like that.

Richards still looked uneasy.

"Don't you worry," said I. "I don't know what he's doing, but he does."

In another minute the canvas was completely covered with a thick, greasy, blackish-green smear. Jeffrey dropped the pot on the floor in his eagerness and fairly ran out of the studio into a little bathing and dressing-room that was partitioned off in the corner.

"He may have improved it," said Richards dubiously, "but I doubt if the man who painted it would think so."

The next minute Jeffrey came back with a bucket of water and a big bath-sponge.

"Now you'll see," he said.

He dipped the sponge in the water and began washing off the [illegible] just put on. It seemed to be taking the paint with it. And then I got a clue. As his sponge swept over the horrible pink daub [illegible] and there a hint and [illegible] an exquisite shoulder and [illegible] Jeffrey [illegible] The next stroke carried away a section of white paint and [illegible] it showed through the shimmer of satin in long, broken folds.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Richards. "The real picture underneath!"

[illegible] Jeffrey excitedly. [illegible]

He began [illegible] He seemed to be [illegible] But already we could [illegible] grace of the fold, the [illegible] ing of the figure the [illegible] of the background that [illegible] one of extraordinary beauty.

"Let's see the face, man," said Richards. "Let's see the face."

"In a minute," said Jeffrey.

Faster and faster flew the [illegible] and more and more of the [illegible] paint that disguised it came away, leaving the original [illegible] under its protecting coat [illegible] varnish.

"Now," said Jeffrey. "And [illegible] last [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible]

"There [illegible] at last!" "What do you think?"

He [illegible] tery that was holding [illegible] spellbound.

We stared at that face and [illegible] back into each other's and [illegible] face again.

"Well?", said Jeffrey. "What's the matter with you fellows? [illegible] Was the person who paid [illegible] sand dollars for it such a nut, [illegible] Richards?"

But the question passed [illegible] The lieutenant's face was [illegible] his eyes were shining with [illegible] For myself, I was trembling [illegible] and I found it hard to [illegible]

"You recognize it, don't [illegible] asked in a low voice. [illegible]

"Not a doubt about it in the [illegible] he said. "It's the face. I couldn't forget that face in a thousand [illegible] I saw it, you know. Just [illegible] found it."

"What do you mean?" said Jeffrey. "What are you talking about?

"That," said Richards—"that's the girl they found frozen in the [illegible] girl that nobody has been able to identify."

To be continued

In the Forefront

NOEL MARSHALL, KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS; MRS. L. A. HAMILTON, SUFFRAGIST AND "CHIEF OF RELIEF;" COLONEL FARQUHAR, THE MAN OF MEDALS; COLONEL KETCHEN, WHO EARNS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT

Noel Marshall

Busy Knight of the Red Cross who can stop to give a hand to Jimmy of the Juvenile Court

By Irene Wrenshall

IF YOU want to see Noel Marshall at his happiest—financier, philanthropist, coal king, charity baron and Knight of the Red Cross—you will want to drop into his office at the Standard Fuel Company on King Street, Toronto, about nine o'clock in the morning, when he is opening the first batch of the three hundred letters which form his daily average as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Canadian Red Cross Society. The only other occasion when you could catch the precisely same brand of smile would be that on which he lifts his hand to start off the procession of motor cars which, each year, carry about five or six hundred orphan children from the various institutions about the city on an outing which fills them with unalloyed delight, and gives them something to think of for the rest of the year. For this is his chief hobby—to get the best out of life by doing something for others, and this is the reason why, busy man that he is, he has practically given up his own work that he may devote his entire time to that of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

"Tell you something about Noel Marshall," said Col. Ryerson, the president and founder of the Red Cross Society of Canada, recently. "Well, I can only tell you that he is the very best, the only man for this work and I have known him for many years."

Most of us would rather shun the reception of three hundred letters a day, even though a great many of them did enclose a cheque for our pet charity, but not so Noel Marshall. From their endless variety—letters from business men, letters from anxious mothers with sons at the front, short notes of inquiry or offers of service or material—he draws the greatest pleasure. But most of all does he love the letters sent from the various Women's Institutes, small societies in scattered hamlets in Northern Ontario, many of them, or from women in lonely farm homes, whose hearts are full, for their only boys have gone off to the war, and there is nothing left for them to do but knit and sew, that the boys may suffer as little as possible from hardship. One of these touching little letters, rather worn from much carrying, reposes in an inside pocket with Mr. Marshall's note book, after having been read to many a boy who is going to the front

NOEL MARSHALL OPENING A BATCH OF HIS ENDLESS VARIETY OF LETTERS

It's the keenest interest of all that Noel Marshall has in these preparations for comfort for the boys, for his eldest son has already gone to the front with the first contingent, and having given of his best, like the lonely women on the farm, he thinks little of giving whatever else he has.

It is a matter of no surprise to those who have known and worked with Mr. Marshall to find him toiling away so enthusiastically for the Red Cross, and spending his whole time in and about the Society's headquarters on King Street. For a great many years, he has never been out of charity work, now on the Board of the Home for [illegible] planning for the annual outing of the patients; gathering together enough autos [illegible] of the [illegible] inmates for a glorious afternoon of fresh air and sunshine and delightsome excitement; planning for a similar outing to be given by the Motor League, of which he is the President, to the orphans of the city; or, in the stress of a coal famine, offering twenty tons of coal to be given to the needy of the city—not the poor who are constantly in receipt of help, but the poor who never make their wants known.

As President of the Motor League, Mr Marshall has been able to achieve the keenest pleasure from his ability to give delight to many empty-lived little ones. His chief joy is to be here, there and everywhere among them on the days of the annual outing, arranging the loading up of each luxurious automobile, handing out flags unsparingly,

Continued on page 2

COLONEL FRANCIS D. FARQUHAR, COMMANDER OF THE PRINCESS PATRICIA'S

Leading the P. P. P.'s

Francis Douglas Farquhar, Commander of one of Canada's Crack Regiments

By Madge Macbeth

AT the age of twenty-two, Francis Douglas Farquhar joined his regiment—one which has familiarized itself to us by a reading of the heavy casualties sustained throughout its intrepid ranks. The history of the Coldstream Guards shows it always to have been where the danger was greatest, where the fighting was fiercest. Its roll of honor shows all along a heavy draining of its ranks. As a Prussian general once said when the Prussians and the British fought side by [illegible]

[illegible] reserved for the Coldstream Guards, the honor of doing what no other regiment could do," and by this speech he meant that the regiment was to meet the fire and dislodge the enemy, numbering something like two thousand five hundred against seven hundred!

A Coldstream Guard means—a fearless, loyal English gentleman. Its name was taken from a small Scottish town in which the regiment originated. Coldstream bears somewhat the reputation of Gretna Green as a haven for runaway couples. But that is merely in passing, and has nothing to do with the fighting men who banded themselves together in 1660 under Lord General Monk and marched with him into London.

A king given his crown, a people their freedom, Charles II., disbanded the whole army with the exception of General Monk's men—the Coldstreams. For a long time after the general's death, they were known as the Queen's Regiment and were given precedence, following just after the First Foot Guards. When William of Orange came to the throne, and the famous Dutch campaigns were in progress, the Coldstreams distinguished themselves in a particularly brilliant manner. It is scarcely a platitude to remark that history repeats itself, for it was at Namur then, as it is to-day, that their charges were [illegible] their toll of death so appalling. [illegible] gallantly did this regiment fight, that William forgetting for the nonce, his preference for the Dutch troops, exclaimed aloud:

"Look! Look at my brave English!"

A peculiar coincidence remains, that these same brave English, have during the history of their regiment, taken up arms against the very Allies with whom they are fighting now, and have fought side by side with the present enemies of Great Britain! For instance, they fought against the French at Waterloo, and with the Prussians, they took up arms against the Russians at Inkermann, Alma and Sevastapol.

In 1882 a battalion went to Egypt under the command of our Royal Governor-General and distinguished itself in many battles, but that was before Colonel Farquhar's time.

He saw active service in South Africa, going out in 1899 winning a D. S. O. in the following year and also a promotion. He was mentioned in dispatches and was awarded the Queen's medal with five clasps; he served with the Chinese Regiment of Infantry, and in '03 joined the Somaliland Expedition in which he again was distinguished for bravery and for which he received another medal with clasps. Upon his return to London he was taken into the War Office (General Staff) but he has always been particularly interested in the Intelligence Branch.

Personally, Colonel Farquhar is a man of great nervous energy. His quickness of speech and movement bespeak the life and love of action. He infuses a desire to accomplish something into not only his subordinates but all those with whom he comes in contact. When not engrossed with soldiering, he rides, being an enthusiastic and expert horseman. He has ridden in many [illegible] races, and has won numerous valuable trophies upon the hunting and racing field. He is not particularly fond of golf or angling as so many of his countrymen are, but takes his first pleasure, as has been said, in the saddle.

He married Lady Evelyn Hely-Hutchinson in 1905 and is the father of two beautiful little girls. It is also a coincidence, that last year at the Fancy Dress Ball, given for the children of the Capital by Their Royal Highnesses, perhaps the most striking [illegible] (giving the greatest trouble in the making) were those worn by Colonel Farquhar's children. They were dressed as *Russian nobles*.

Instead of joining his own regiment, Colonel Farquhar was accorded the honor of commanding the crack Canadian regiment known as the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry. As to how nobly these thousand odd veterans are acquitting themselves and bringing honor to their commander—glance at the press headlines.

The Serving Suffragist

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton Has Held the Highest Honors Within the Gift of Her Sisters

By Diana Moore

SOME years ago it was felt that to be a believer in Woman's Suffrage, to include it even among a great many other important beliefs, was to stand branded as a sort of female terror, a spectacled individual with unkempt hair, tweed Norfolk suit, walking hat, and a cane, who talked loudly, and tried in a feeble sort of way to emulate all the rougher qualities of man, the very qualities indeed which civilization is trying to eliminate from man's composition.

Of late in England, the Norfolk suit has been superseded by the fluffiest and cheekiest confection that the West End modiste can produce. But the semi-harmless cane has more than counterbalanced the sartorial improvement, by turning into a window-smashing hammer, or a long snaky fuse for country houses, or even a butcher's cleaver, warranted to slash every nought off the price of the choicest masterpiece.

But all suffragists aren't imitative Sylvias and Christabels. More often than not we find women professing this belief whose personalities and whose lives give a flat denial to all one's preconceived opinions

One of the most outstanding members of the Women's Patriotic League, one of the most prominent in its Relief Work, is Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, who since her arrival in Toronto years ago has maintained an enthusiastic stand for woman's suffrage, and has held the highest honors within the gift of her sister suffragists, being President not only of the Equal Franchise League, but also of the Canadian National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies

Mrs. Hamilton's present attitude on the suffrage question, however, is in direct opposition to that of Christabel Pankhurst, now self-expatriated and touring the United States. It was a matter of no surprise to those who knew the Canadian President when she decided that in the face of the serious conditions of war and lack of employment, other matters than suffrage should hold the attention of women, that the duty of each woman was to help others, and that this principle of service was best carried out just now by direct personal help, rather than by a propaganda of freedom and justice, important though that might be in its later effects.

For with Mrs. Hamilton, the vote has always been a means to an end, and that end the good of humanity If, in the present emergency, that end can best be served by listening over the 'phone rather than by talking on the platform, by signing one's name to a check rather than by making one's cross on a ballot paper, then Mrs. Hamilton is all for writing dollar marks and letting the X's wait.

That she was right has been proved by the avidity with which her suggestions have been taken up, and, in Toronto particularly, there is hardly a needy woman or a child who does not know her personally or has not learned that her word can be depended on.

From early morning until late at night calls are coming in to her, for she has identified herself completely with the needs of the unemployed women and girls —girls from offices where the staffs have been reduced a half or three-quarters, girls from the factories whose output has been stopped by the war, and girls from other employments which have ceased on account of the cutting out of luxuries.

When you look back over Mrs Hamilton's life you begin to realize from what she drew her inspiration for service As a child she lived near a mining district, in England, and as there was always a great deal of poverty among the miners, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for those near them to help them, and even as a very young girl, Mrs. Hamilton worked among the wives and children During two or three years of dire poverty, she was one of a family who thought of nothing else than doing for the poor around them.

In Winnipeg, after her marriage Mrs. Hamilton, who had just returned home from a German [illegible] used her musical ability [illegible] charity, performing at [illegible] concerts and working in all sorts of ways where music could be of assistance At that time Winnipeg was not the city of culture which it is now, and many a musician and many a budding musical club would have had a hard struggle had it not been for the woman who, with her own ability and her splendid training, was able to give and enthusiastically did give, her help wherever it was needed

It was while in Winnipeg too that she became interested in the foreign population. Being possessed of an intimate knowledge of three or four languages she had many opportunities to be of great service to the overflow of Europe that has been pouring into

MRS. HAMILTON HAS SECURED ALL THE GREAT ENGLISH SET THIS [illegible]

our country in increasing numbers each year. Anyone who has even a bowing acquaintance with Winnipeg knows what that city was up against a few years ago with her foreign element; the problems that had to be faced, and the helping hands that had to be given, not the variety of help that writes cheques in the library of the River Avenue home—but the heart-warming kind that gets on the plane of sisterliness. Maybe it's an interpretation to an irate landlord who is out of patience with these people whom he cannot make understand, and maybe it's only a smile, but it is human friendliness—this is the sort of thing Mrs. Hamilton has done and is doing. She will laugh when you call this social service.

"Oh, I didn't look on it in any such advanced light," she will tell you, "I was just drifting into usefulness in one way and another."

Her real opportunities began, she feels, when she undertook the establishment of the Girls' Hostel at Lorne Park, now under way for nine years, a practical experiment that has demonstrated that a factory hand, a nurse, a stenographer or a school teacher may secure a healthful holiday, a tanned cheek, a steady hand and a full pocket book all at once if she is willing to go in for picking berries in a patch instead of shooing mosquitoes off a porch, when she takes her vacation.

There is another subject closely allied with the Girls' Hostel that is near to Mrs. Hamilton's heart, and that is the work of getting the women on to the land.

"But you must go slowly there," she says, "for it would be the worst of cruelty to take some woman who didn't know the first thing about country life and leave her on a farm to struggle as best she might."

There are a number of semi-trained women, however, who have undertaken farms and are doing well, and from these Mrs. Hamilton receives most encouraging letters which lead her to believe that there are opportunities which are especially good for girls who know something of farm work, such as those from the Hostel. To this end, she longs to see other women's training farms established in the near future

But Mrs. Hamilton's feminist day dreams haven't ended with picturing the woman farmer. She has also sketched in the state-paid housewife, the recipient of the much hoped for Mother's Pension. And if the platform and polling-booth energy of the Canadian suffragist can make this happy figure a reality, Mrs. Hamilton will be there helping to do it And the facts and figures collected from her Relief Work experience will furnish excellent campaign arguments.

Then, too, there is the ideal of domestic service, as a *real* service, helpful to both the giver and the receiver. Never perhaps has there been a better opportunity in Canada to try out such a theory than is accorded to Mrs. Hamilton by the present crisis and her official position in regard to it. For this she is working day and night, interviewing those who come to her personally, and looking over piles and piles of letters which crowd in by every post, letters from efficients and letters from inefficients; from women who have held good positions and who have lost them through no fault of their own; and,—in greatest quantity of all—from girls who have gone into factories as little children without any education, and then, when war closes the factories, hardly know which way to turn. So closely has Mrs. Hamilton united herself with this movement that it is not too much to say that she takes a keen personal interest in each applicant and, studying from the other side—the long mailing list of those requiring domestic help—she tries to fit each to her position. How she has succeeded, and is succeeding, the next few months will show.

In the meantime the Chief of Relief is much too busy to be interviewed, although everywhere the interviewer goes he runs across her, whether it be at a meeting of down town clergy and social workers in the centre of "the ward"; at a caucus of the highest generals; or scouting for district captains who will find out, by personal investigation, how many of the needy there are in the city and which of the first ones to ask a hand-out are not to be trusted with their desires.

There is a misapprehension abroad about Mrs. Hamilton that we may not claim her as a Canadian, that she is English bred, with the ideals formed by English conditions. But this is incorrect.

True, she first opened her eyes in England, did this service-giving suffragist, but since a very small girl she has lived in Canada, moving with her family to a ranch in British Columbia twenty-seven years ago. Indeed, from her sojourn in the West, both before and after her marriage, from her many trekking months-a-year spent under canvas while her husband went up and down for the Canadian Pacific Railway choosing spots for settlement, she has probably gained a better knowledge of conditions in the newer parts of Canada than is possessed by a great many Eastern Canadians. And every bit of this knowledge, and every tingle of human sympathy that came tied up with it will be needed this winter as Mrs. Hamilton grapples with the thousand-angled problem of the unemployed.

Now Col. Ketchen

He Starts the New Year Right—by Being Promoted

By Gwendolyn MacLeod

SOME men can afford to be good natured, and are; others [illegible] afford to, and aren't. Both kinds, to win, must be possessed of capacity for work. Mere [illegible] rarely gains its owner any [illegible] advantage.

With which wandering philosophy my introduction, I will say that [illegible] Douglas Brodie Ketchen has been rewarded for his unfailing good [illegible] and his inexhaustible capacity for work with a well deserved promotion. When he went to bed on New Year's Eve, he was Major Ketchen, D.S.O. (R.C.) When he came down to the club on New Year's morning he was Lieutenant-Colonel Ketchen, and with the promotion came the announcement of his appointment as acting adjutant general.

For the last year Major Ketchen served in the latter capacity but as it was an honorary post, as now the A.A.G. was officially appointed for his excellent handling of the military affairs for the largest military district Canada has been recognized in substantial manner at Ottawa

Colonel Ketchen's [illegible] attributed not only to his [illegible] and the evenness of his [illegible] but to his great understanding of the weakness and frailty of human nature. It takes a really big man to realize that time taken from an over-full day to listen to Bill's account of the success of his child's daughter's operation will result in loyalty to the work in hand that could be obtained in no other way.

Ketchen was born in India, and is the son of Major-General Ketchen. He was educated at Wellington College and Sandhurst, the famous English military college. He was a lieutenant in one of England's crack cavalry corps, but came to Canada, where he saw a larger field. In 1894 he joined the Northwest Mounted Police, and the Lord Strathcona Horse in 1900 and was with them through the South African war. In 1901 Colonel Ketchen was in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, D.S.A., 1904, D.S.A. of M.D. 10 1909 to 1911. He was chosen to go to the King's Coronation, and was adjutant of the contingent. He wears the South African Queen's medal, with three clasps, and the Coronation medal. He was appointed a major in 1912.

The Cache in the Forest

By W. A. Craick

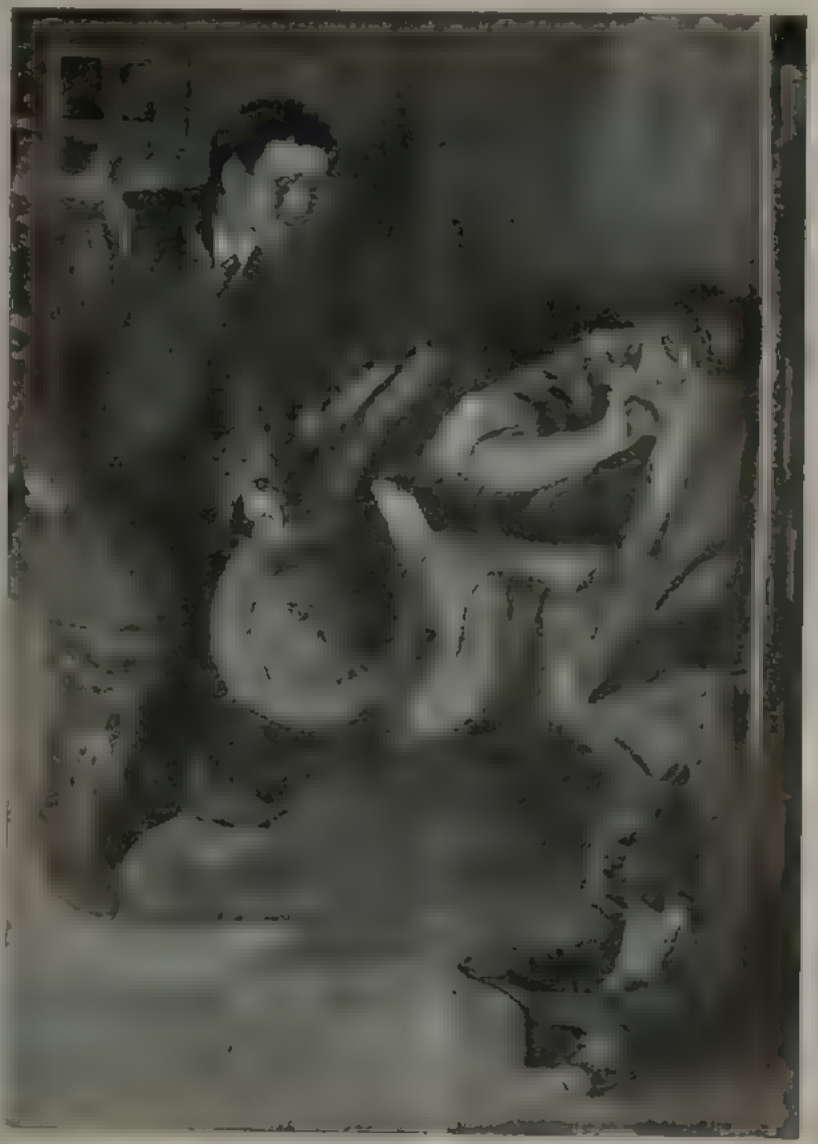
ALL ABOUT AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR AND TWO ENGINEERING STUDENTS WHO DODGED A RAIN STORM ON THE NOVA SCOTIA COAST, RAN INTO SOMETHING WORSE, AND BECAME STRONG PRO-ALLIES THEREBY

Illustrated by V. L. Barnes

WHILE it is quite correct that a few rumors, bordering on the truth, had some circulation at the time, the affair at the Rockland Mine was so promptly and effectually suppressed by the military authorities at Halifax that the actual facts of the case never came to light. Even now I would not be at liberty to disclose the story were it not that an abrupt change of policy has been decided upon by the War Office. In the opinion of the officials no good purpose can further be served by hushing up the matter, and a full statement of all that happened at the Mine on the afternoon and night of August tenth last will undoubtedly help to impress on the public mind the deep gravity of the situation.

It was entirely owing to Dr. Galetta's strange mistake that we became mixed up in the affair. The Doctor, who is known to fame as Professor of Geology in the great American University of P——, was spending the summer, as had been his custom for several years, at a resort on the Nova Scotia coast about twenty miles from Halifax, employing his time in frequent excursions to various points of interest in Halifax County. My chum, Hilary Dean, and myself, Andrew Howich, two students of engineering at McGill University, chanced to be boarding for a week or two at the same hotel, after a strenuous three months' work on the new eastern counties railway. We had struck up quite a friendship with the eccentric old professor and, when nothing better offered, used to accompany him on his prospecting trips into the rugged interior of the County.

Six days after war was declared in Europe and when the first wild wave of excitement was at its height, the Doctor, who seemed in no way disposed by the stirring events of the time, suggested an expedition in land to the Rockland Mine. The Rockland had been one of the first gold mines to be developed in the province and for a time had produced a very fair quantity of the precious metal. Then, doubtless because the process was too expensive to be profitable, it had been abandoned and had lain neglected and forsaken for many years. During the summer of 1913, however, a new company had taken it over, new machinery had been installed and operations resumed.



WE AGREED TO LIE ON THE CAMP BEDS WITH A GREAT SHOW OF RETIRING

"They were just getting ready to begin again when I was over there last September," explained the Professor, "and I want to see how they are succeeding. It's a bit of a walk, but on a fine day like this a tramp of eight or ten miles won't hurt anyone. The mine people themselves get into the property from the other direction. I understand they have a spur line from the Intercolonial. Still it will be shorter for us to cut straight across country."

We had advanced perhaps five miles through a region left bare and desolate by the ravages of forest fires, when on the broad rock-strewn expanse of a plateau forming the top of a considerable hill, Dr. Galetta came to a sudden stop, a look of mingled surprise and perplexity engraved on his face. We, who followed him in single file along the trail,—Old Denby, loaded down with the Professor's specimen bag and scientific instruments, Hilary Dean and myself—halted, too, and wiped the perspiration from our dripping foreheads.

"It's clean escaped me," declared Dr. Galetta, "whether the right road strikes to the left or right of that big boulder."

"To the right, I should say," interjected Hilary, with all his accustomed effrontery. "The right to the right and the left to the left. Eh, what?"

"Bah," grunted the Professor, darting a look of disgust at the offender, "such smartness is overwhelming. You, Andrew, can perhaps grasp the difficulty. Often as I have come this way, I swear I never before observed that white boulder. It's disconcerting to say the least of it, and, as you may readily note, it stands right in the middle of the trail."

Dr. Galetta's perplexity at the sight of the while boulder was the first indication we received that we had strayed from the path to the gold mine and were now following another road. So barren and desolate was the region that landmarks of any sort were difficult of location and once away from the road it would be exceedingly hard to strike back again. For a long time the Doctor persisted in his assertion that he knew where he was, but at length he had to admit that he had lost his bearings.

"Drat it all," he exclaimed, "who would have thought I could have made such a slip? There's nothing for it but to fall back on the compass and strike straight across to the woods Then I may be able to locate the track again"

After nearly an hour's hard tramping, rendered all the more difficult by the absence of any path, we approached the dense hardwood forest that skirted the northern edge of the barren. In the shelter of the first scattered trees we were glad to throw ourselves down for rest and refreshment. It was by now well past noon and the sun was already perceptibly beyond the meridian

Well Doctor, what's the next move" asked Hilary, after we had completed our repast. "How about sending Denby up a tree to locate that lost road of yours?"

"Quite unnecessary," protested Dr. Galetta, "all we need to do is to skirt the edge of the woods to the right and before long we'll encounter the road, or I'm very much mistaken. If you lads are ready, I think we'd better make a start; that western sky is looking a little threatening."

He was right. While we had halted, great billowy thunder-clouds had been steadily piling up behind us and, though the sun had not yet been overcast, its brilliance could not much longer remain undimmed. The lowering aspect of the heavens made haste imperative and we quickened our steps behind the excited [illegible] who for his part dashed along among the boulders and through the bushes that grew thick between, at a surprisingly rapid rate.

We had not covered more than a quarter of a mile when the almost imperceptible traces of an old wood road running into the forest were noted by our leader's quick eye

"It's not the right trail," he declared, pausing to peer into the woods, "but I declare I've a mind to follow it. The chances are it's heading for the same place. What's more, if it starts in to rain, we'll stand a better chance of finding some shelter here than if we keep in the open."

So saying, he turned to the left and hurried into the woods. And that is how, by missing our road and being driven to cover by a gathering storm we plunged headlong into an adventure, which only a short week before we would have deemed incredible

The road led deeper and deeper into the woods, which at this point were extremely dense and impenetrable, and our curiosity as to its probable destination was becoming acute, when our course was abruptly stopped by a high barb-wire barricade strung across the narrow road and extending, as far as one could see, for an indefinite distance on either hand. As if to emphasize the obstacle, a large signboard was fastened to a tree just beyond the barrier. It bore these words:—

Trespassing Absolutely Prohibited

Strangers are warned that the property of the Company is guarded by armed men, who have authority to use their rifles in defence of the mines, if necessary

Rockland Mining Company, Limited

"Well, what do you think of that?" gasped Hilary.

"Rather surprising," murmured the Professor. "For a Nova Scotia gold mine, it sounds somewhat presumptuous. Evidently the Rockland people have struck it rich."

"What's to be done?" I queried. "I for one don't fancy getting soaked here just for a measly warning like that"

"Nor I," agreed Hilary. "I vote we brave the armed men."

"It's a bit risky," commented Dr. Galetta. "Still the warning may be only a precaution on the part of the management to keep undesirables off the property."

We clambered gingerly over the barb wire, not without sundry rents to our garments, and continued on our way cautiously through the forest It had now become extraordinary dark and rain was beginning to fall noisily on the leaves overhead. If any guards were abroad, they like ourselves would be more likely to run for cover than remain in the open. It was doubtless [illegible] approach [illegible] ing at the old South Shaft

It was at best but a tiny [illegible] forest but it contained a [illegible]

Hurriedly crossing the [illegible] which was now [illegible] fierce downfall of rain, we t[illegible] under the roof of the first [illegible] latter adjoined a small [illegible] and beyond it was another [illegible] situated at the mouth of one [illegible] abandoned shafts, which [illegible] sunk here and there on the [illegible]

Until it grew lighter a [illegible] fell less heavily, our sm[illegible] mained contentedly enc[illegible] shelter of the lean-to.

[illegible]

[illegible] te condition, bein[illegible] ed and broken, fit only [illegible] heap. It had not been [illegible] and was like never to be [illegible]

[illegible] letta [illegible]

[illegible] clamation of surprise [illegible] We hurried towards him

"Look at this," he exc[illegible] verily believe they've been t[illegible] work this shaft again

[illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] of voices mingling with th[illegible] noises.

"Queer business this, [illegible] the Professor, speaking in [illegible] "I've a mind to climb d[illegible] [illegible] thirty or for[illegible]

Neither H[illegible] though even yet we had failed anything unusual in the surroun[illegible] However, a descent into a gold [illegible] was not an everyday occurrence [illegible] the little adventure appealed t[illegible] First the Professor clambered [illegible] edge and down the ladder; th[illegible] interval, Hilary, and f[illegible] Denby electing to re[illegible]

Of the events of the next few minutes I have but a confused recollection. I suppose I was only half way down the ladder, when the reverberating discharge of a pistol arrested my feet. Next moment, the light of a lantern played around me and a rough voice from below bade me climb down. As I reached the bottom of the ladder, I came upon my companions standing pale and uncertain against the rocky side of the shaft and facing them a group of half a dozen burly workmen in oil-stained overalls, who regarded the newcomers with glances in which astonishment was mixed with deep resentment. For aught else in the surroundings I had no eyes, though I had a hazy notion that the shaft spread out into a wide open space, lighted by numerous lanterns

How came you here? Did you not see the sign?" demanded one of the men, who appeared to be the leader.

"I am Dr. Galetta," announced the Professor in tones that astonished me by reason of their unusual tremor. "I came to see the mine on the invitation of Dr. Hansberg, the mine superintendent, who is an old acquaintance of mine. Such a reception as you have given me, will assuredly be resented by him."

"Yes, yes, all very good," commented the man, "but you have no business here and I can't see yet how you came."

"The simplest thing in the world," answered Dr. Galetta. "We took shelter in the shed above from a heavy rainstorm, and, chancing to hear voices down here, descended to see what was going on."

"Hum," responded the man. "But where was Blicker that he permitted you to enter? Blicker should have stopped you from prying. Blicker will be brought to heavy account for this," he added fiercely, turning to the other workmen. "As for you, Herr Doctor, and your two friends, I shall conduct you at once to Dr. Hansberg, with full explanations."

In strange perplexity, for I could not yet fathom the mystery, I suffered myself to be hurried up the ladder and through the engine-room to the open air. Thence we were conducted along a logging wood road for perhaps a quarter of a mile, when we emerged on the large clearing in which the main buildings of the Rockland Mining Company were situated. No opportunity was given us for the interchange of a single word, each being kept away from the others through the careful attention of a guardian workman. Delroy had been captured at the mouth of the shaft, though he had made no attempt to escape.

Dr. Hansberg, a tall, heavily bearded man, was sitting at a desk in the office building, when we were announced. He was on the point of extending a boisterous welcome to the Professor, when something in the aspect of the big workman who had questioned us in the mine, restrained him. His color went momentarily pale and a strange glint flickered in his eyes. Notwithstanding he held out his hand cordially enough to Dr. Galetta and asked agreeably after his health.

"One moment, Doctor," interposed the big workman and drew the mine superintendent aside for a hurried colloquy. When he returned to us, his voice and manner showed undoubted agitation.

"This is a most lamentable occurrence, Galetta, most regrettable," he exclaimed. "You have seen?"

"Yes, I have seen," said the Professor sadly.

"Ah, if you had only obeyed my sign, Doctor, your welcome here would have been pleasanter. As it is, it is my most unpleasant duty to detain you,—and your companions. I will do the best I can for you, make you as comfortable as possible, but this is war-time and I have a heavy responsibility."

"How long, may I ask, Dr. Hansberg, is this proposed detention to last?" demanded the Professor, with rising heat.

"That I cannot say at present," was the reply. "I sincerely hope it won't be for long."

"I give no parole," cried Dr. Galetta, angrily. "I am an American citizen, detained here against my will. Up to now, I had an open mind. To-day my sympathies are firmly and irretrievably with the allies."

"I regret exceedingly, exceedingly," murmured Dr. Hansberg. "Still I have no choice. You hold our secret and I must see to it that that secret is not disclosed. Wilhelm, place Dr. Galetta and his friends in the storage shed under lock and key and see to it that they are well guarded. To-morrow they had better be moved to the guard house at the magazine. Give orders to have the place prepared for them. After doing that, send Blicker to me. He must be made an example of. For a few drops of rain no man should dare to leave his post."

When at length we found ourselves under the dingy rafters of the storage shed, I turned to the Professor and implored him to enlighten me on the happenings of the last half hour.

"Did you not see, Andrew?" asked the Doctor in surprise

"No sir, I have seen nothing but mystery ever since we climbed over the fence," I replied.

"You don't mean to tell me, Andy, you didn't see those big guns down the shaft?" cried Hilary.

"Guns?" I exclaimed all amazed.

"Yes, sir, guns. We're right plump into a hornet's nest here. I can assure you, and how we're to get out without being stung, I for one don't know."

I must have been extremely dense, for even with this revelation the true significance of our plight did not yet dawn on me. My look of bewilderment evidently attracted the Professor's attention for he vouchsafed a further explanation.

"They're not mining gold over at the South Shaft, Andrew. They're putting big guns together. If you had had your eyes open, when we were down there, you would have seen what was going on."

"But why, why?" I demanded.

"Why should a German mining company hide big guns in a supposedly abandoned shaft within twenty miles of Halifax, blockhead?" interposed Hilary, impatiently.

"But the Rockland Company is not a German company," I protested. "It's Belgian."

"I fear the Belgian side of it has been a blind," remarked Dr. Galetta. "Hansberg is certainly German by birth, though he always assured me he was a naturalized American. At all events we've accidentally uncovered as pretty a conspiracy as was ever hatched. I suppose they imported the gun parts as mining machinery and have been putting them together secretly. Evidently a raid on the coast is contemplated as one move of the war and, when the time comes, they'll run these guns around behind the Halifax forts and take the garrison by surprise. It never entered my head that the business was really so serious."

"What's to be done?" asked Hilary anxiously.

"At present, nothing," answered Dr. Galetta calmly. "But under cover of night, much may happen. I haven't poked around this mine the past three summers for nothing."

It was nearly five o'clock when we were incarcerated and darkness did not fall until after seven. Acting on the Professor's advice, we conversed quietly until night had descended on the clearing and the machinery of the stamp-mill had stopped. Some food of a fairly appetizing character had been passed in to us at six o'clock and men had later brought in four camp beds with blankets and a lantern. It was clear that we were not to be treated with any undue harshness

'Now, boys," whispered Dr. Galetta, when at length night had closed in in earnest, "if my memory serves me correctly, there is a simple and easy way of escape for us from this improvised lock-up. I have a notion that

Continued on page 255

A Stake in the Game

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated from Photographs

MAN is an appalling paradox. He can wrap himself ten-deep in furs and tear its secret from the Pole: he can lie hid in steaming jungle, under the Line, and pot an elephant that could crush the life out of him with one careless forefoot. He can rise to Titanic heights of sacrificial sublimity: he can sink to unplumbed Germanic depths of ferocity and bestiality. He can cheer himself hoarse, sob himself blind, spend himself broke and then—amazing elasticity of soul—he can settle down to live sanely to-day under the very conditions that produced yesterday's psychic explosion.

In other words, at this date of writing, it is the one hundred and seventy-fifth day of the War.

And we bake bread, and eat it; we make bargains, and keep them: we write questions to Cynthia Grey of the Daily Advertiser, and she replies patiently as of yore.

Vienna, with it hundred thousand wounded overflowing the hospitals and turning the streets into sickening charnel houses. Vienna with its last gasp hopes and its twenty-cent eggs—Lorraine, with its Rose and Marie who killed their German chemist-husbands, to save their village—London, with its million electric globes painted three-quarters down, to fool the Zeppelins—Birkenhead, with its 2,400 little men, all volunteering in one day, to join the Bantam Regiment—Berlin, with its menace to which there can be no name, its mystery deeper than the secret of the Pyramid—these have become part of the mental horizon of the average Canadian who reads the stark black head-line night by night, and wakes to grope next morning for the switch and the War Summary.

The American reads, idly, speculatively, from the bleachers. North of the Forty-ninth, we know that the world's choked heartbeats are *OUR* heartbeats; the tearing, shrieking shrapnel speeds *OUR* battle-cry; the simple, heroic death list is *OURS* too. And in this sense, as in that proud-worded boast of ours, "we hold a greater empire than has been."

For no one, since Adam walked in the Garden, has lived in such tremendous days as these.

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KING'S MESSENGER CARRYING FOR THE FRONT WITH MESSAGES FOR BRITISH COMMANDERS

And no one really lives to-day, who hasn't a stake in the game, a man at the Front!

The Front?

Do you want to see it, winter-stricken, bomb-scarred, utterly, hideously, hellishly desolated?

"At Louvain I met a Senator," writes a man just returned from Belgium, to his friend, CANADA MONTHLY. "He was a gentle old nobleman, who belonged to the City Council and used to be among the leading people of his town. He was one of the few survivors of the hostages the Germans had taken there, the reason of his escape being his presidentship of the Local Red Cross. This dignified old gentleman kept roaming through his city of gone glory, looking into the houses—heaps of debris for his fellow-citizens and friends, exactly like a puzzled faithful old dog, seeking his master.

"There are some things that the human mind cannot think through, and remain capable of further thought. He had seen the Prussian guards with chalk in their hands, march carelessly through a throng of once-notable civilians, and make a white cross here and a white cross there, on an inoffensive back.

"There had been suspicion of retaliation because the Germans had reduced the town to a network of paths among heaps of debris. Such retaliation would have been justifiable surely. But, in most instances, it had not taken place. Shots heard however, constituted good and sufficient evidence. The officers, steeped in Kultur, didn't enquire whether the rifles belonged to the cross-marked Louvainians or drunken Prussian joy-shooters. The cross-marked were led out, stood in a file and shot. I take Louvain as an example, but the remarks apply equally to Malines, Lierre, Namur and Vise.

"In the country, agriculture will be resumed by and by. For the present, the trench lies like a scar across the sugar-beet field, the little graves, each with its cross atop, dot the roadsides. And he was a lucky man who had a grave to himself.

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SACRIFICING SMART MILITARY APPEARANCE FOR WARM GOAT SKIN COATS WOULD BE THE LAST WORD IN COMMONSENSE IF O[illegible] WATER-TIGHT BOOTS WERE FURNISHED AT THE TIME

"As we whirled through the country in our motor, we noticed the villages, each a straggle of houses, set along one side of the highway. The first two or three struck us with the chill of death. For there was not a roof in the whole line, just walls around the firegutted interiors. But as we passed through another and another of these strange, silent skeleton hamlets, their very monotony became its own excuse, until it seemed as though villages should be so

Between Malines and Brussels, one continuous train of foot passengers was to be seen, making the road look as if some festival was in progress. But every man carried a bundle of goods—blankets, foodstuffs, or the scratched-up tools of his trade. Every woman was loaded with babies and clothes. And there wasn't a song, nor a flower, nor a smile—nothing but that strange, inward look, that remote, searching, horror-gaze that had dwelt in the eyes of the Senator of Louvain.

"It must be understood, however, that not all the elements of the German army are behaving themselves in the same manner in Belgium. The Bavarian reservists seem to be on a better footing with the Belgians than the Prussians do and many a billeted Munich-beer-drinker told me that he detested the course that things had taken and that he felt ashamed whenever he had to do with the natives. Some of these fellows did what they could in order to comfort the unlucky population, but it was a heavy task even for a kindly disposed Bavarian family man, to soothe a nation where husbands have been shot before the eyes of their wives, and where only, women, children, and aged people remain in gloomy sadness, hardly appearing from their houses, where every window still bears a white flag."

That's the Front.

Now for the Man—the Canadian man, Salisbury-trained till he strains at his leash.

Here's what CANADA MONTHLY'S own correspondent, Pte. H. R. Gordon, writes from the muddy Plains.

And, as you'll see, though rural England, scanned by khaki-clad Canada, fills the foreground, bleak Belgium peers over its shoulder.

"Sixty of us have had a pleasant relief from camp life for the past few days. We're technically on 'fatigue duty', unloading sheet iron and steel bars for huts and stables at Wishford Station. Really, we're having a dandy holiday

"We're billeted in a quiet, out of the world, old village. We've had a unique chance of seeing what rural England is like. We've also had a view in miniature of the War. We've met wounded men from the Army, Belgian refugees, and a marine on leave from one of the dreadnoughts of the Grand Fleet

"Wishford is a typical English village. Its street winds irregularly along the valley of the River Wyelye, from the 'Swan' inn to the 'Royal Oak' Five poplars stand by a shelving beach where "arses' (as the Wiltshire dialect has it), may be watered in the river A stone church encircled by a grave yard, a new brick mansion, the home of a retired colonel, a smithy, and a score of thatched houses make up the village. Most of the houses have gardens, enclosed by whitewashed walls topped by thatch.

"Three of us are billeted in the household of the head keeper of the Wilton Trout Fishing Club, Edwin Canning.

"We tell them about skating, and log drives, and thousand acre wheat fields. They tell us about thousand year old Wishford and its unchanging customs.

"The big man of the neighborhood is the Earl of Pembroke, and all the people look to him as their leader. He, like most of the men of position in England, has not been found wanting in the present crisis. He went across to the continent, and was with his regiment at the victory of the Marne, and the desperate fighting in front of Ypres. While we were at the village, he came back for a three days' furlough, and took an hour or two off to interview his head keeper about the trout stream

" 'We got above Newton village,' said Mr. Canning, 'and the Earl, he turned to me and said, 'Look how pretty and peaceful it is! Over in Belgium I've seen villages that were once like that but are just heaps of rubbish now Newton village 'ud be a rubbish heap too, if the Germans got over here.' "

'We saw three people from Belgian rubbish heaps last Sunday. The rector had invited the whole party, sixty in all, up to tea. Among those who passed around tea and cake to us as we sat around on grain sacks in the loft of the big stone outbuilding were three people, two of them young lads, the other a middle aged man. One of our chaps was able to carry on a broken conversation with the man by repeating German words till the man could get Flemish words akin to them, and by a free use of gestures.

"This Belgian, had, it appeared

been a truck farmer in a small village seven miles from Aerschot. He grew asparagus and celery and potatoes on his fifteen hectares of land, and was able to raise enough to pay an annual rental of seventy-five francs per hectare, and live in comparative comfort in a neat little cottage. Then the War came. One day a 'lift ship'—airship—appeared. A little later German cavalry came along. They shot twenty-seven inhabitants of the village and burned every house down. This man fled. Now he was living in a cottage provided by his good friends the English, to whom he was teaching the secret of making two heads of celery grow where one grew before.

"Wishford has not been slow in following the lead of the Earl of Pembroke, and doing something to give the Belgians their own country back again. The total population of the parish is two hundred and forty five, and thirty-five are now serving with the Army or the Navy. Only three young men are left in the village. Two of these were rejected by the doctor and the third was in Government employ, and was not allowed to volunteer.

"One of the Wishford men at the Front has been killed and two wounded. One of the latter wears a silver plate in his skull to cover the place where a shrapnel bullet crushed in his forehead. He is subject to dizziness and fainting spells, and we did not see him. The other man was scored across the thigh by a piece of shell in the trenches before Ypres, and was almost well enough to go back to the Front. He was once in the band of the Wiltshire Regiment, and he played the cornet at a dance which the good landlady of the hotel got up in our honor. With difficulty we made him tell us some of his experiences. Like most regular soldiers he had little talent for description.

"Once, when off scouting he was almost trapped by the Germans.

" 'We had to throw our packs away,' he told me, 'I had a pair of field glasses and a revolver in mine that I'd got off of a German officer. When we got away, the first thing my mate said was, 'Doesn't it feel good, walkin' without a pack.' "

"We asked about life in the trenches.

" 'I saw a bloke fall sound asleep loading his rifle,' was one thing he told us. 'Once, water ran short; we were two days without water. The first night two fellows went back with half our bottles. They never came back. I 'spect snipers got them. The next night, two more tried and one got through.'

"Finally he told us how he was wounded. 'I was sitting down in the dug out munching a bit o' biscuit and some jam I had. A shell burst right in the trench. It tore the head off the bloke next me, and nicked me across the thigh.'

"He would not tell us how he got to hospital from the trench except by saying, 'Oh, I crawled back after dark.'

At last we asked, 'How do you like the idea of going back?'

"He hesitated a moment. We had gathered, as much by what he didn't say as by what he said, that the trenches before Ypres had been, simply and literally, hell.

" 'Go back?' he repeated. 'Well, I'm game.'

"The marine from the Grand Fleet [illegible] while his ship was having a routine refit at 'Pompey', otherwise, Portsmouth. He [illegible] From what we could gather, life in the Grand Fleet since the beginning of the War has been a time of hard monotonous work in severe weather, of coaling at sea every few days, of [illegible] practice in heavy gales, and, at the back of every man's consciousness, the thought of the possibility of instant death from the torpedo of an unseen foe.

"One fine morning, the marine told us, his ship was towing a target for another ship to fire at when a German submarine was sighted.

"[illegible] it,' he said, 'but we kept on towing the target. The torpedo was fired but passed ahead of us.'

"Once the whole fleet lay astride for action just out of sight of Holyland, on the strength of a report of activity in German harbors flashed back by a scouting seaplane. But the German High Seas Fleet Admiral evidently thought better of it.

" 'We hoped they'd come out and we'd have a go at them,' [illegible] marine, 'but they just wouldn't.'

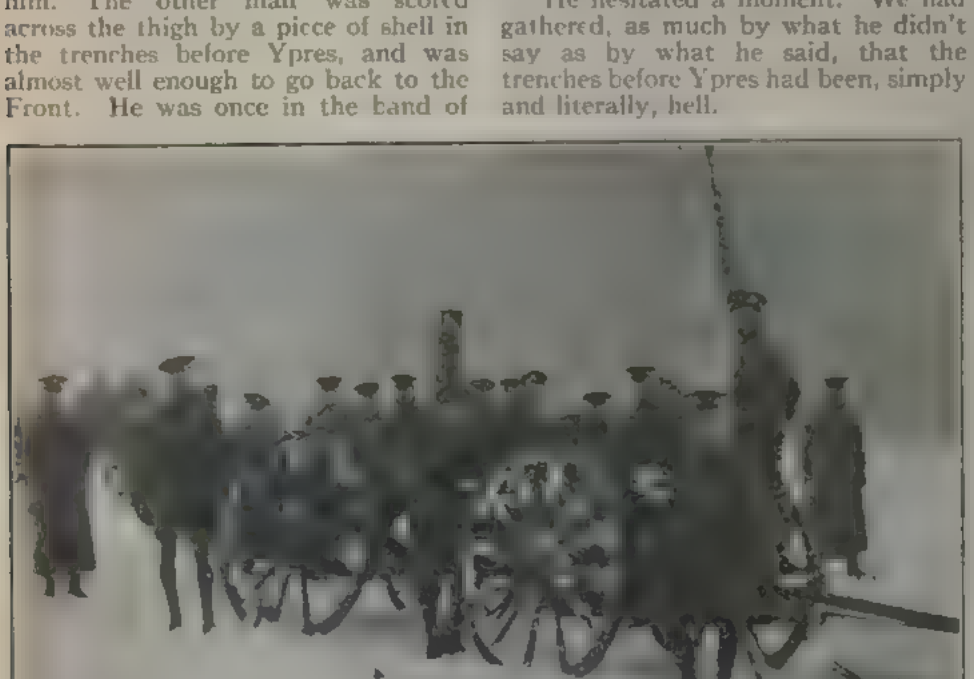
"All these first hand stories of the War make us even more impatient to get across the Channel. [illegible] we all feel happy over a rumor that we're to go shortly after the New Year. Then another rumor has it that we'll have to wait till March, when we wonder how deep the mud will be on Salisbury Plain by that time. Most of us have ceased to expect anything or speculate on anything. We know we will go when Kitchener thinks we're ready, and when that time will be only Kitchener knows."

Even as the Salisbury men [illegible] to get off to France, so do the fellows of the Second Contingent stare eastward from Montreal and Toronto and London, and the West. There are forty-two thousand of them—up at 6.30 drilled in the miniature and service ranges, trained on the frozen fields in 'cross country route marching, learning to live on the pound of meat a day and the pound of bread, and such vegetables, butter, jam, and tea, as His Majesty and the Hon. Sam Hughes provide.

London holds the Eighteenth Battalion—eleven hundred men—and a battery of a hundred and fifty.

One day, with a zero snap in it after a January thaw, I walked through the gates of the Exhibition Grounds, displaying a military permit in place of a quarter.

From rim to rim, the great open



MILITARY COOKING WAGON CAPACITY 77 GALLONS, CAPABLE OF PREPARING MEALS FOR 250 MEN, USED BY THE SECOND CONTINGENT ON ROUTE MARCH

space where in the fall, the Midway buzzes and sings and hustles and shouts and blazes and flaps, was a single sheet of ice, with here and there a khaki-clad messenger skimming across. The two-to-three parade was over; the three-thirty to four-thirty parade was not yet; the men were resting in the two big bunk-houses that used to be called the Transportation and the Machinery Buildings.

Br-r-r, but it was cold! Even the man in khaki with the coronet on his shoulder straps acknowledged that much. The sudden fragrant warmth of the cookhouse was delightfully welcome as we pushed open the door.

There were the long tables we remembered at Fair time, the dim stoves in the background where the Ladies' Aid earned weary dollars for the new church carpet. Now, there were no feminine pictures, no mussy-artistic bunting, but instead, there was a new and not unattractive stand-at-attention air of tailormadeness that extended even to the white enamelled plates and cups, piled mathematically at the table ends.

"What did you give the men for dinner to-day?" the head cook was asked.

"Roast meat, sir, and boiled meat, potatoes and beans, bread and butter and tea."

Not a word wasted, nor a bean, you may be sure.

"And what will they have for supper?"

"Rice pudding, sir, and prunes, bread and cheese and tea."

Well, they won't starve. Neither are they having the loafers' rations that some white-feather artists aver.

High and clear through the frosty air, chiller than the north wind, the bugle sings!

"There they go," says our guide, "want to see them?

White sheep, black sheep—young, old—country, town—poor and not-so—out they march, clear-eyed, clean-limbed, big, splendid, alert. They don't sentimentalize about themselves any more than they idealize the job before them. They're no "thin red line o' 'eroes" but, say, look at them, swinging down on you across the ice with the pale north sky behind them! Aren't they *the stuff*!

Quickly they separate into squads. The nearest group begins the one-two-three lunge that would spell death to the Germans if every rifle carried the imagined bayonet on its tip. Others are marching, the barked commands coming thin and shrill across the ice.

Still another squad goes to the miniature range in the Horticultural Building—think of the irony of it!—to learn how to sight and shoot, to

Continued on page 272

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

HERE we are verging towards spring, and still the war goes on. In a few months the daisies will be growing over those immense pits in which our bravest and best are lying over there in Europe. Of course the war may be over before these lines see print, but nearly everyone understands that articles for periodicals cannot be written over night. We have ceased reading any war news but headlines. The sensational and expensive paragraphs captioned as "cable despatches" are either "repeats," repetition or "fakes." The correspondents used to fake sensational paragraphs while they waited in Key West for transportation by some means to Cuba, at the time of the Spanish-American War. One day it would be a boy snapped by a shark off a rock as some press boat flew by; the next a monitor blown up in the harbour, or some extraordinary catastrophe such as the scuttling of a wandering Spanish craft in the Gulf. And the dear doormat public would read the news under big black headlines in New York next day, and the reporters would laugh and go turtle fishing somewhere around the Keys. Not that the one woman correspondent indulged in such doings. I think the woman reporter is more honest or reliable under certain conditions than her brother craftsman, or, it may be that she is only more timid. In any case no press woman could endure to sully her work by fake despatches. This much I will say for the very often misjudged and underpaid newspaper woman.

THE HYSTERICAL NOTE

ONE is becoming tired of what may well be termed the hysterical note of late apparent in some of our British newspapers. There is really no need for it. It makes you doubt as to the truth of all the atrocious things you read about the Germans. It also makes you wonder if the spirit of British fair play has not been somewhat dimmed. That is a spirit we must keep "sans reproche." It is Britain's best asset. It is not the spirit which informs the paper that prints a picture of a German soldier holding a little child for a moment on his knee and says, "This is an obvious pose"—in other words a planned picture to show that a German soldier has a touch of the human in his heart. All these boys—and they are mothers' boys like our own—are not the brutes that some of our British papers depict. Some chap, a German, carrying what looks like a can of beans, is labelled "A German Burglar" when he is doubtless only some peasant lad with a bit of loot.

Maximillian Harden seems to place things on a more decent footing than Wells or others of great literary note. Lord Roberts' advice is the best for every British soldier to take, "Fight in the field with your gun," he said to Tommy A., "and don't try to kill the German with your mouth. Let your gun talk." That the Allies will win in the end is my certain belief, but meantime let us be fair-minded even towards a foe we may hate, but cannot despise. That there is such a thing as German valour, German adoration for race and country, this war has so far proved, nor should we dub by printed word or picture *every* German lad who fights for his Fatherland, a beast and a Hun. As Lord Roberts said almost at the last "Do not abuse the German, but fight him, and do not divide up Germany until you have beaten her. Stick to your duty, lads!"

Little Bobs! the best soldier, the cleanest man, the most humane Christian the world has known in many year

—"Let your gun talk, man," he says, "and keep your mouth shut!" Well, vide a husth! which the man at the Cross-roads says is good Erse, though he will not vouch for the spelling.

SORROWFUL PLACES

"THRUE for ye, that time," says the man, "Bobs was never one to give lip service. An' now the little man is lying beside Wellington in ould Saint Pauls! One time I had the privilege of going into the crypts an' I don't want it again. Crypts and vaults are sorrowful places, an' it hurts yet to think of brave men lying in mouldy spots like that. Give me the open—even in those Belgian an' French pits—under the winds an' the sunlight, with the green grass above. I think always one is nearer to God in the open places. Av coorse I know He goes everywhere, even in your pockets—but I'd rather be burried in a Connemara graveyard—a little lonely ould place, than in anny of your gran' Cathedrals.

"I'm glad, Pedlar, for a truth that ye are speaking a decent word for them German peasant lads who are driv' before their little officers Betther be shot in front anny day than in the rear. I'd folly anny officer that waved his sword like ours do and said, 'Come on!' I'd folly him through hell and out, but wid a little omadhaun prickin' me in the rear, I'd lie down, Pedlar—an' kick him in the shins!"

WOMAN AND "HIGHER EDUCATION"

A FRIEND, writing from England, says: "There was not much opening for literary workers before the war, but now there is almost nothing. There is such a plethora of writers not merely in London, but everywhere in England. The woman's colleges have turned out thousands of them. In addition to making militant suffragettes, 'higher education', in England is responsible for the production of a class of single women who are panting for careers in which they can distinguish themselves, and as many of them have abundant or at any rate sufficient financial means, they throw themselves at the heads of editors, and as they are content with very low pay, they often take the bread out of the mouths of their less fortunate sisters. They don't want to marry; they can be shallow and frivolous in three or four languages; they play golf and tennis and they will paint, write, sculp or go on the stage if only they can get their portraits into the papers and themselves into notice. I forget how many members the Lyceum Club has, but I think they run into four figures—all of them writers, painters or actresses of sorts, the majority of them well to do and about one-tenth of them in regular work—an assemblage of clever women positively dreadful to contemplate.

"I went to tea there some years ago on two separate occasions, once with an actress who had made a success—Festince, on the stage and was writing a play which was to bring her into prominence and once with an artist It was an eye-opener to go into the tea-room and to be one of about three men in an assemblage of about forty women, all smoking or tea-drinking, and all of them trying their hardest to look literary. There was much that was amusing in their dress. Here was the woman who was masculine to the last degree in the cut of her coat, in her collar and tie, and in the way she 'did' her hair; there, the sylph in artistically weird garments of gray-green that clung about her tall and attenuated form; there again the stout party of uncertain age who had long ago outgrown the efforts of dressmakers to overtake her increasing proportions. Again there was the woman of the thin, clotheshorse, keenly intellectual stamp who found her recreation in abstruse mathematical problems, and who had assisted her uncle in discovering a small and very distant star. And when you consider that all these women stand ready, like maids at a registry office, to grab at any chance of employment, you will understand that the editors find their chief employment in sending back Manuscripts."

ROMAN RECOLLECTIONS

WE MAY be cold in Canada—especially in February, our chilliest month—but we can make our houses warm and we really enjoy more warmth and comfort than can be found in countries with a more moderate winter climate. The Pedlar once wintered in Rome and that old chap will never forget the miserable galleries heated by the inefficient brazier, where for hours—being intent on studying art—he shook and shivered. And yet the discomforts of January are quickly forgotten when, with the early days of February, boughs of almonds and boughs of wistaria are brought in by the market women who sit among the "models," embowering them in the pink and mauve-tinted blossoms. And day by day flowers from the Campagna add their delicious gifts of spring, and little dark-eyed children offer violets of incomparable beauty and anemones of richest hue. Whether you buy or not, the little creatures smile sweetly and, in the gentle voice of Italia, render their thanks. Flower-gemmed is the Campagna in March, with us so blustering and withering a month. And April is even more magnificent. Rome is at her best and fairest. The sunniest people on earth's top are at their happiest. Ugh! the window beside me rattles in a North wind; the little old garden beneath looks sad and withered. The ancient pear tree, which had borne so bonnily in the late autumn, looks like a drooping, twisted old man.

And yet think that under all that apparent, that crippling weakness the peony roots are sleeping the Rose of Sharon so bountiful of deep reddish-purple blooms in the summer that last summer of peace—is napping, and the dead leaves of sighing autumn are sinking into the ground under the snow preparing to enrich the earth when her time of delivery comes.

God be praised! Nature will have her way despite the frantic, the awful, the horrible struggle of nations who are at each others' throats, tearing, tearing

WHY? IN CANADA!

IN A very prosperous Ontario City, two weeks before Christmas, this occurred. A woman in the east end of that city was found in a desolate little home, lying on a pile of straw in the corner of the kitchen, clasping tightly in her arms the dead body of her two-weeks' old baby, which had died of starvation. The husband, a painter, had been out of work for many months and the furniture, which had been purchased from an instalment house—that curse of the poor—had been seized several weeks before, because payments on it had failed. An empty stove was the only article of furniture in the house. And oh if you could only know the weather the day this poor human mother was discovered by charitable and warm-hearted mothers. An awful night of bitter winds, succeeded by an Arctic day, the first really cold day of this winter. You know how it is when we in Canada get the first touch of deep winter. We are not prepared for it despite all our knowledge as to its inevitable arrival, but we coal up and get the house warm and settle down to it. And now comes the point I want to make. All sorts of funds have been provided for all sorts of people. Not that I have one word to say against Patriotic Funds or Belgian Funds or the splendid efforts of our Canadian women for our soldiers. Yet—does not charity begin at home? Should not the poor—and we have them, believe me, in our Canadian cities—be searched out, helped and comforted? I cannot help thinking of that woman, prototype of many, and her little starved baby. What doctor attended her? Was there no womanly neighbor anywhere? No one knows better than the Man with the Pack how much doctors do for those who cannot pay. There is more than one Dr. McClure in the world. And it is done silently and finely, and is a greater heroism than any battlefield glory, one of those quiet, patient bits of heroism which, it seems to me, only Christ may understand.

Which is Quite enough.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

ONE wonders often these days if people in general are really acquainted with the Scriptures It may be that it is "put upon" many to sneer at God's Word. For they do it. Some reader may remember that from the pack of the Pedlar there came last January, in CANADA MONTHLY, a word of warning as to the Signs of the Times. Many letters tumbled into the Pack and were tumbled out again. At the time there was no foreword as to the war, which was declared in the autumn. The world seemed to be going smoothly along its natural course. But the signs were evident to any Scripture student and events have proved that they were correct. Believe me or not, the Biblical prophecies are about to be fulfilled. If you scoff, reader, your scoffing is also one of the signs of the times. Too late, too late, shall many of us find out the truth.

And yet every day the prophecies are actually being fulfilled. Only God may know that which will be happening when this sees print. But everything points to the gradual embroilment of the nations of the world going always eastward until comes Armageddon. "And the nations were angry," Rev. 11:18. Turkey is hastening to her end. Constantinople, that key of the world, will be abandoned. Note the prophecy about her:—

"When Turkey establishes her capital at Jerusalem, Michael stands, probation ends and the judgment hour of God on the nations of the world begins." Dan. 11: 45; 12: 1-3. The prophecy says nothing about when the Turk removes from Constantinople; but declares that when he shall plant the tents of his palace between the seas and the holy mountain, at that time shall Michael stand up, that is take his Kingdom.

Watch the headlines in the papers, and you and I, friend, may well tremble when we read that the Turkish Government has moved its capital to Jerusalem!

All these things you can find out for yourselves, by simply reading most carefully Daniel, Ezekiel and Revelation. The case of Russia is merely a study of a single prediction made in the prophecy by Ezekiel, three thousand years ago. Read Ezekiel 38 : 4. It would take all the space of this magazine to explain it; but your own intelligence will pierce the clouds of Scripture language.

Watch for the involvement of the nations, and while you watch, pray; and consider this saying:—

"In Turkey will be decided the fate of the world." It is not a Scriptural saying because it came from Lord Salisbury as long ago as 1896. He foresaw trouble in the East. We are

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at this moment of writing—verging upon that trouble; February—this month of which we can make but guesses—may see that trouble arrived. Only God knoweth. Our own belief is that we have "reached the closing years of the last generation that will ever live on the earth"—this despite the glorious message of the second coming of Christ

Your Pedlar grows old.

COMPLIMENTS

CANADA MONTHLY has been very kind to the Pedlar, and my good friend, Arthur Stringer, even more so.

Of course, his poem to one "Kit" in the CANADA MONTHLY for December might have been meant for anyone or anything from a war-kit to a kit-bag But the Pedlar viewed with humble yet proud eyes that tribute to a Kit he once knew, and hereby thanks Mr. Stringer.

Arthur Stringer is a very notable figure in the literature of to-day. We find him, and read him, everywhere in the weeklies and the magazines. To be honoured by a poem from his pen—and his pen always has a heart in it—is a fine little honour.

Therefore is the Kit of my acquaintance humbly grateful.

One day a young colored man of sporty appearance dropped in at a country livery stable and said he needed a job. He looked promising, so he was set at work greasing the axles of a buggy

In a remarkably short space of time he reported the task finished.

"Look here," said his new boss, "do you mean to say you've greased all four of them wheels already ?"

"Well," rejoined the new man, "I've greased the two front ones."

"And why haven't you greased the two hind ones ?"

"Well," said the new man again, "so long's the two front ones goes all right, the two hind ones jes' nachelly *got* to foller !"

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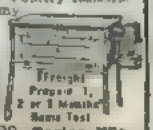

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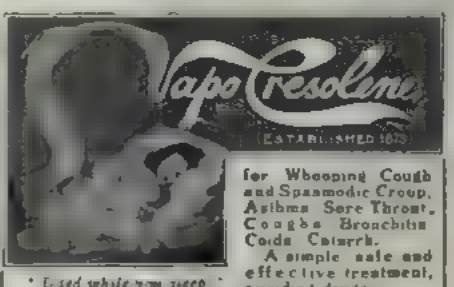

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Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

Noel Marshall

Continued from page 239.

and attending to every detail with never a thought as to the heat of the day or the strength of the summer sun.

His big touring car is usually the last in the procession, filled with an avalanche of small boys half hidden under Union Jacks.

It is a very evident fact that Mr. Marshall is fond of the "kiddies," and every one of them knows this genial humanitarian. To the boys and young men of Broadview Y. M. C. A. he has been a kind and beneficent friend—being the giver of the site of five and a half acres on Broadview Avenue on which the building was erected. His interest in the Boys' Dominion has always been extremely keen and his work as honorary president has been invaluable. In fact it is necessary to list Mr. Marshall's many charitable interests to remember them all, as he has been at various times a director of the Children's Aid Society, the Orphan Boys' Home the Working Boys' Home, British Welcome League, Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, Women's Welcome Hostel, Imperial Home Union and the Georgina Homes.

It isn't every director of charities, however, who can see over his year books clear down to the concrete case standing at his own desk. But such a directorate of abstractions wouldn't be in Mr. Marshall's line. The following incident is characteristic:

Jimmy was a Juvenile Court "bad boy," a designation that doesn't come with one or two or three convictions. Jimmy had twisted his dirty cap in his dirtier hands on nine unholy occasions, each of which had resulted in a verdict of guilty.

And yet Commissioner Starr, who was then still genially filling the office of Kiddies' Judge, couldn't help believing that Jimmy was pay dirt if only a miner patient enough to get at the heart of him could ever be found.

One day Mr. J. J. Graham, of the Children's Aid Society, was taking a flying trip out of town. He wasn't reading the latest best seller, however. He was worrying over Jimmy, whose case he had just discussed with the Commissioner.

When he came to, his eye lit on a big, bulky figure green-chairing it across the aisle. The Kitcheneresque face was familiar to anybody and everybody who needed things and just now Mr. Graham needed something, and he needed it right away.

"Mr. Marshall," he said, crossing his green brussels Rubicon, "may I have five minutes of your time?"

The result was a recital of the wanderings of Jimmy, whose single fare ticket seemed indubitably punched for Failuretown.

"What's he interested in? What line would he like to work at?" Mr. Marshall asked at last

"Why, he'd sorta fancy himself as a baker. But no one'll take him with that record."

"I'll find a man who will," said the humanitarian, as the porter hooked his suitcase and thank-you-sir-ed down the aisle

Sure enough he did. Then he instilled the fear of the Lord into Jimmy and the fear of Noel Marshall into the baker—or maybe it was love, not fear, in both cases—and the result is that the nine-times-down-and-outer has come back. Not only can he make buns. He can make good

Mr. Marshall's appointment as member of the Prison Parole Board, a position which he has held since 1911, has given the benefactor of Jimmy a chance to multiply his results by the scores And he never loses an opportunity

We Surely Have Great Breakfasts At Our House

Boys enthuse about Puffed Wheat and Rice There's many a food which they enjoy, but these they revel in.

Each grain is like a toasted nut, made thin and crisp and porous. Each is a bubble, blown to airy lightness by millions of steam explosions

Each is a confection, yet it is all food and made—by Prof. Anderson's process—so it all digests.

Goodies Without Cream

The chief delight in many a cereal lies in the cream and sugar Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are goodies when one eats them dry. Countless children carry them at play.

Served in milk—like bread or crackers—they are fascinating morsels. They are used in candy making and as garnish for ice cream.

Imagine how such tid-bits taste when served with cream and sugar or mixed with fruit.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

These grains served in puffed form insure easy, complete digestion. Every food granule is blasted to pieces Other methods break part of the granules. This method breaks them all.

In Puffed Wheat and Rice you get not only the whole grain You get every element in form to digest. When you know what this means, as your doctor does, you will serve these grains in puffed form every time you can.

Try them all. Serve a different one each day.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers.

PETERBOROUGH, ONT. SASKATOON, SASK.

(807)

In thinking of Mr. Marshall's many and varied charity interests, one is almost inclined to forget his other activities. There is his concern for instance in the Canadian National Exhibition, which owes a great deal of its success to Mr. Marshall who, as Vice-President, has been untiring in his efforts to "make it a go."

He is a well-known figure in and around the exhibition, at the Directors' meetings and luncheons and as a genial host when social gatherings are afoot.

He was pronounced a regular "travelling ad" when, with Dr. Orr, he went to England in connection with the affairs of the "big show."

He has shown equal activity in his work in connection with the Open Air Horse Show, for he loves horses almost as much as he loves humans. In 1902, when there was discussion as to the entertainment to be provided for the Homecomers to the Old Boys' Reunion, it was his happy suggestion to gather all the finest horses in the city in one monster parade. So successful was this initial parade, that it has become an annual event. Mr. Marshall's love for horses also proves itself most practically in looking after the interests of all the animals used in connection with his business.

Though not a curler himself, he is interested in all types of sport and has presented many a trophy to the curlers. Also, in his "playtime," he is always "a boy with the boys." On a trip west for instance, on a pioneer train of the C.N.R. en route to Sudbury, whenever the boys took to athletics to while away an hour, Noel Marshall was always in the thick of it.

A glance at his face brings to mind the oft-repeated assertion that he bears a strong resemblance to Baden Powell, and certainly it must be confessed that when he dons his uniform as Boy Scout Commissioner, the resemblance is at least arresting. He was elected to the Canadian General Council of the Boy Scouts' Association, and has been constantly ready with his aid in furthering the work of the movement. As a Commissioner, he was one of those most keenly interested this summer in deciding to organize immediately an ambulance corps of one hundred picked seniors to prepare for any contingency which might arise, and he has been an ardent supporter of the work this winter.

Of his business career it seems hardly necessary to speak, so widely is Noel Marshall known as the "Coal King." Though born in England, he has been a resident of Toronto for over fifty years and is a Torontonian, every inch of him. His business success has been phenomenal and it is only necessary to speak of the honors which were paid him by

his competitors in the coal business on the occasion of the forty-fifth anniversary of his entry into the business life to realize that it has been deserved. On that occasion he was presented with a large sterling silver cigar case as a mark of esteem, at a surprise dinner tendered him by the National Club. A member of the Toronto Board of Trade, he is ever working for the city's advancement. He is also a director of the Sterling Bank of Canada, and a Vice-President of the Title and Trust Co., besides being an officer of many of the financial companies.

But, above all, one is struck with Noel Marshall's optimism. He has always a smile and a cheerful word for everyone, and though his activity is tireless and his responsibilities particularly heavy, you are sure to see a twinkle in his eye and hear a merry joke, for he has looked for happiness and has found it —and passed it on.

Cache in the Forest

Continued from page 245.

these German miners, in their eagerness to establish their gun factory, have overlooked a few items in the working arrangements of the former owners. If they have, we are in luck. You will note that this shed is pretty well filled all along the back there with supplies of one sort or another. Most of the stuff was left here by the old company when they closed down five years ago and so far as I can see, it hasn't been touched.

"As a matter of fact this shed was originally built to shelter the mouth of a shaft that slants off to the left. It was worked out some years ago and then abandoned but not before the miners had got right through to the ravine behind the stamp-mill. The machinery which had been installed in here was taken out and used elsewhere, the mouth of the shaft was boarded up and the shed was utilized for storing supplies. I'd take my oath that Dr. Hansberg and his men knew nothing of the original purpose of the place.

"You can now grasp my plan. We must uncover the old shaft and make good our escape through the ravine."

It was agreed that we should all four lie down on the camp beds with a great show of retiring for the night and, having taken accurate cognizance of the supposed location of the shaft, put out the light. Then Denby was to steal to the solitary window of the shed and mount guard, warning the rest of us of the proximity of the sentinel by means of a light cough. Dr. Galetta, Hilary and myself were to struggle with the sacks of chemicals as best we could in the darkness.

Good fortune assuredly was with us that night. There was a faint glimmer of moonlight to guide our hands, and the man on guard did not molest us. The shed had obviously been prepared for just such a purpose as that to which it had now been put and the possibility of our escape must have seemed very remote to him. He contented himself with sitting with his rifle over his knees on a big boulder twenty yards from the door.

After half an hour's strenuous labors, we succeeded in making a considerable clearing in the centre of the shed, carefully concealing the freshly opened space by piling the bags along the front of it. To get up the boards was the next step and this might have proved a serious difficulty had we not discovered to our delight that the planks were not nailed down. They came up easily and were piled softly on the sacks. Just as Dr. Galetta had informed us, their removal disclosed

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BUY an International Harvester engine, take care of it as any machine should be cared for and a dozen years or more from now it will still be working for you.

It will save you and your family endless hours of hard labor in pumping, sawing, grinding, spraying, running separator, etc.

Buy an I H C engine. They last longer, burn less fuel, are simpler, and give you most power. Here are a few of the reasons: Offset cylinder heads, large valves, accurately ground piston and rings, heavy drop forged crank shafts and connecting rods, etc. Best material and construction mean the best engine. I H C engines are built in all styles, and in all sizes from 1 to 50-H. P. They operate on low and high grade fuels.

Not every local dealer handles I H C engines. The one who does is a good man to know. If you do not know who he is, we will tell you when you write us for catalogues.

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These machines are furnished with pulleys for the use of power. Belted to a small I H C engine, you have the best outfit it is possible for you to buy. Note the low supply can on I H C separators, the height of the milk spout which allows a 10-gallon can to be used for the skim milk, the strong frame with open base which can be kept perfectly clean, and the dozen other features which make these I H C machines the best.

Your local dealer should have one of these machines on sale. If he has not, write us before you buy and we will tell you where you can see one; also send you an interesting book on separators.

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often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrha Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common Sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate sound waves on one point of the natural drums thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill everfails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

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Makers of Troy's best [illegible]

the opening of a shaft which yawned black and mysterious at our feet.

"We simply can't attempt the descent without a light," whispered the Doctor. "There'll be a slight risk in kindling it, but I'll endeavor to smother it with my coat."

He knelt down behind the barricade of sacks and cautiously struck a match.

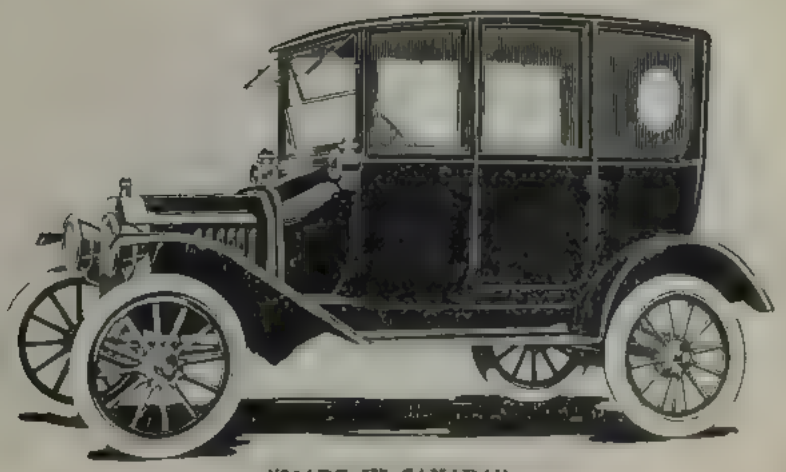
"Now then, sharp's the word," ordered our leader, motioning to Hilary and myself to clamber down. We did so promptly and were immediately followed by the Professor and his man. The shaft extended downward at a fairly sharp angle but gradually eased off and finally became almost horizontal. It was a clean rock cut and because of the slope, was dry and wholesome. With every step we took away from the shed, our elation increased.

There is no purpose to be served in prolonging the narrative. That we actually made good our escape is the main point. Emerging in the ravine, through an opening which had been almost cut off by falling rocks and so had doubtless escaped the attention of the new owners of the property, we proceeded with great caution along the bank of the stream that flowed through the valley and, following a path known of old to the Professor, came at length to the wire barrier that marked the end of the Mining Company's possessions.

Between midnight and daybreak by dint of hard walking, we covered the twenty miles that lay between the mines and Halifax. It was for the most part rough going, for the country for miles around the mine was unsettled and desolate. For the rest, no practicable means of transport offered itself at that hour of the night, nor did we care to entrust our important tidings to the wire, which we might readily have done as we approached the city. By seven o'clock we were closeted with the commandant at the citadel and our testimony was being taken down by an alert young military clerk.

Of course no guns were ever found at the Rockland Mine. A thorough search of the entire property conducted quietly that day by a squad of men from the citadel failed to disclose a vestige of a weapon. Yet a badly wrecked shed at the old South Mine and a shaft choked with broken [illegible] had a tale to tell for those who could read the signs. The incarceration of Dr. Hansberg and several of his men, ostensibly as hostile German reservists, was a further indication, if any were needed, that all was not as it should have been at the Rockland Mine.

When Cupid hits the mark, he usually Mrs. it.



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As the body is very low only a short step is necessary when getting in or out.

This model comfortably seats four—without crowding the occupants or crushing their gowns.

The seat cushions are deep and soft.

The method of driving is the simplest yet devised.

On the steering column is a small set of electric buttons By just pressing these buttons the car is started, stopped and lighted.

The interior is finished in that fashionable mouse gray Bedford cord cloth

The first look at this little beauty will bring you to the full realization that there is but one Coupe for you -- the Overland

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See it to-day

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 3

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Canada and the Drama

Continued from page 218

in the "wilds" of Western Ontario. When Margaret Anglin made her successful tour of our sister-colony, Australia, a season or two ago, she was billed and advertised as an American actress. When James. K. Hackett happened to be ushered into this life on Wolfe Island, he was promptly and legally repatriated by his disconcerted parents, to the end that the momentary calamities of birth might not eventually militate against certain Presidential possibilities. And yet the Canadian press proudly acclaims Hackett as a Canadian actor.

To the every-day Canuck confronted by this Americanization of our amusements (and even Paris, it seems, has been Americanized of late) there possibly occurs the consolatory thought that he is still a British subject. and as such is heir to all the glories of the British stage from the smart-aleckry of Shaw back to the sublimities of Shakespeare. He will save his histrionic neck, he contends, by swinging back to the stage of his Motherland, even though that Motherland happens to be a few thousand miles away. He will save himself from artistic annihilation by sheltering in the breast that has fed him with so many of the glories of other days. But while duly grateful for the grandeurs of the past, even the Colonial nurses a rather active appetite for the novelties of the present. And in his journey back to the maternal lap of London stagedom he finds his path barred by the ubiquitous American manager. He finds that he must step aside, a little saddened at the discovery that Barrie and Parker have not been thinking of their kindred beyond the sea as actively as they thought of the general terms of their American contracts. For so lightly does the British dramatist consider our Dominion as a field for his product that it is a fixed practise to throw Canada in with the States, for full measure, when "signing up" with an American producer. The result is that Canadian audiences are denied the privilege of witnessing some ninety per cent. of all English stage-successes until presented to them through the kindly offices of Messrs. Frohman and Shubert, *et al*, by way of Broadway and the American road-tour. Granville Barker and Galsworthy and Barrie and Jones and Pinero and Shaw, these have to be siphoned over to us through the salting-vats of Manhattan. And if they reach us a little flat and old and a trifle off-color in flavor, we must remember that we are mere suburbanites on the milk-routes of international

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Every part of a Goodyear tire bears an exact relation to every other part. That is why Goodyears have won their name as the well balanced tires. The fabric used must be of an exact weight, quality and strength, as demonstrated by thousands of Goodyears through years of actual service, as well as by endless laboratory tests. The rubber must be of highest quality. The tread must be built in true proportion to the "carcass." For the tread to out-balance the carcass would be as unsatisfactory as a half-inch sole on a patent leather shoe.

And all this means service and economy for users. Tires can be made more costly, but they cannot be made better. Extra cost usually means the overdevelopment of some one part, which must be discarded with the rest of the tire when the tire gives out elsewhere.

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Rim-cuts are utterly needless. No-Rim-Cut tires prohibit them by a method which we control.

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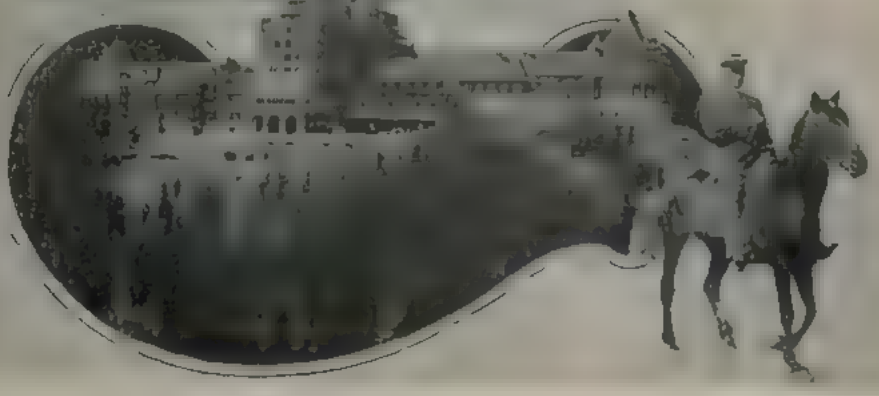
No accident ever befel an automobile but what the tires were forced to play a part in it. And no accident ever was averted but what the tires had a say in that, too.
If you will drive fast,
If you will make those sudden stops,
If the city will water asphalt,
If rain will make muddy roads;
Why then—the possibility of skidding will always be with you, unless you figure on those elements of danger when you buy your tires. When you think of how to avert danger in motoring you immediately think of . . . . . .
DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD.
T 113
DUNLOP
SEAL OF QUALITY
TREAD
TRACTION

popular amusement. Even Cyril Maude, when touring Canada, was compelled to go out under the New York management of the Liebler Company.

But there is still another difficulty in our appreciation of the truly British dramatic product, a difficulty which lies quite outside that already mentioned geographic disability whereby we must inevitably pay for our bigness. The larger and freer life of the Canadian has left him a trifle impatient of the English "tea-cup drama" in which London itself seems to find such perennial delight. The theatrical sophistication of Jones and Pinero does not atone, to the outlander of the overseas dominions, for their finicky preoccupation with finicky social situations. And since the younger men who follow these leaders are as faithful to tradition as they are countless in numbers, the every-day product of the every-day British dramatist seems rather thin and remote and alien to the Colonial audience. It is apt to impress us as old-worldish and overmannered and pertinaciously retrospective. It is, to us, without the tang of the soil. It is without homeliness that endearing homeliness which is achieved only through endemic effort. It is destitute of that zest and primal fire which youth, and above all national youth, finds so sustaining to its spirit. It is endured with loyalty and applauded with determination. But beyond the cosmopolitan and globe-trotting audiences of one or two larger centers, it has no actual hold on us. It is not a slice of life as we know life. It is the mirror being held up, not to nature, but to a drawing-room in Park Lane.

Such being the situation, it is natural enough to look for its remedies. In the first place, it must be remembered there is no panacea for the sudden correction of all these ills. To adopt a five-year boycott, as has been suggested, of all foreign plays, would only be cutting off our nose to spite our face. But what we must have is a more active and a more intelligent interest in the theatre, the theatre which is now under Royal patronage and has emerged from the Puritanic taboo which found its echo in the Calvinism of our own country. We must in some way achieve a more interested and a more individual criticism of our organized amusements, with a more determined repudiation of the often coarse and a more enthusiastic and out-spoken encouragement of the native note. Preoccupied as we are with sterner issues just at present, it still remains our national duty to take time to remark and pains to remember those purveyors of dramatic goods who short-change us on the national note

Kill two birds with one stone



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We must learn a little of the militancy of the Irish, with their Celtic Renaissance. We must catch at a little of the enthusiasm of the Belgians, with Maeterlinck and the school of the "Jeune Belgique." And while awaiting our voice we must remember that with the accession of one man the coveted glory may come, as it did with Ibsen in Norway.

There is, however, one feature of our law which tends to aggravate the ills which beset us as a literary people. And that is our international copyright arrangement, or lack of arrangement, and the chaotic condition into which our copyright legislation has fallen. The stock company, for example, has grown into an important factor in theatrical amusement and most of the larger Canadian centers now have their resident stock companies, if not playing for the entire year, a least for many weeks out of the year. Under ordinary circumstances these stock companies should stand the trying-out media for new dramatic material, as has proved notably the case in a couple of California towns of late, where more than one youthful author has been given a hearing and started on the high road to wider success. But the Canadian stock manager does not need to bother with the untried native product. He can do one of two things. He can lease his dramas from one of the New York play-brokers, or, what is infinitely simpler, he can pirate them. He can do this, in most cases, without fear of legal action. Time has shown the futility of mere threats, and more than one western stock-manager has grown wealthy in his profession of play-pirate. While using the brains and inventions of an author without in any way compensating that author for them, the stock-manager, in the first place, may point out that play-brokers are rapacious individuals demanding too much for their weekly rights, and, in the second place, may contend that his procedure is simply tit for tat, since the international play-pirating which obsessed America some thirty years ago was a scandal to all the world. That practise of play-pirating did much to retard the development of the American native drama, and in Canada to-day it is doing the same. When a stock-company manager hires his director of the season, not for his skill in acting and directing but because of the number of surreptitiously obtained manuscripts of the latest Broadway successes in his trunk, you may be sure that manager is not going to run chances with an unknown local playwright proffering him an unknown vehicle, no matter how convincingly Canadian that vehicle may be in character.

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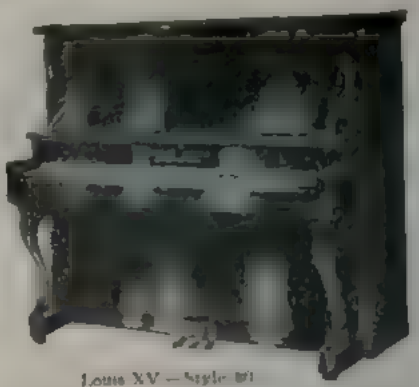

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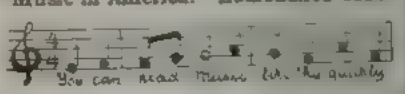

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Yet the unknown and the untried must somewhere and in some way have his chance. When the English playwriter disregards the Canadian market and loosely sells his Dominion rights along with his American, he further puts us at the mercy of that centralized management which harbors along Broadway, and in doing so tends to impoverish our native stage.

Here are two conditions, each of which can be corrected by intelligent legislation. But something more than a mere act of legislature is necessary to the creation of a national drama. That drama must come into existence through the toil and self-sacrifice of a few men in whom the Canadian spirit is dominant. That we are not without such men, although their aims are as yet unclarified and their activities as yet unorganized, is attested to by the experiment of the Montreal Opera Company, which, while not financially successful, at least proved that Canada could sustain and appreciate a season of its own grand opera, given in a manner worthy of any city in the New World or the Old.

But acted drama demands no such elaborate machinery as does opera, and the one advantage of an incipient native drama, with the austerest of simplicities imposed upon it, will be to draw theatrical entertainment back to vital character and vital situation. It must be made to return to the simplicity of the soil. This is what Barrie and Moffat and their confederates did for the Scottish drama. This is what Synge and his associates of the Abbey Theatre did for the drama of reawakened Ireland. The metropolitan production, with its mastery of the complex machinery of stage-craft, is apt to lay too much stress on mere spectacle, depending on the gorgeousness of its mechanical effects to anaesthetize an audience into dazed acceptance of what in reality is often dubious art and insignificant drama.

The drama of Canada, when it comes into being, will not be over-burdened with that machinery which gives fame to a master-mechanic like Belasco but adds nothing to the tense human interest of such plays as "Hindle Wakes" and "Rutherford And Son." It will not be a calamitous deprivation. Our infant drama should need that machinery no more than it needs coddling by governmental subsidies and forced-feeding by provincial endowments. Other arts may be helped in that way, but the stage, the Cinderella of them all, must be left to her own democratized devices. She must be of the people, by the people, and for the people. Any movement towards the creation of a Canadian drama must be individual and spontaneous, in direct response to a realization of the needs

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of a nation which has not yet found a voice. And once the way is pointed out, and the start made, there will be those still proud enough of our country to turn from the pursuit of riches to help in the struggle to give her an utterance worthy of her destiny, and through this utterance lead her to participate in the noblest and most national of all the arts

The beginning may not be an impressive one. But it must at some time be made. That beginning, as I have already said, will surely depend on a few men, earnest, self-sacrificing, and above all, patriotic. They may not succeed, as the world at large reckons success. They may fail, as it is perhaps destined that all pioneers must fail, ranking small before older schools of creators and falling short of older traditions and ideals. But they will open up to the conquerors of the future a new road and a new territory. Through their efforts, which may at first seem rough and unordered, the drama of our Dominion will be finally established.

The Voice of One Crying

Continued from page 221.

hall below shouted the passing of time. It was ominous, threatening. It told the final hours of a man's life. She crawled to the door behind which that man's brother wailed in his fever.

Ben lay in a tossing sleep. She could just make out his inarticulate form beneath the quilt. Then the central log broke with a clatter, spouting sparks everywhere. A blaze leapt chimneyward. The chamber glowed with rosy uncertainties. The boy cuddled one arm beneath his head, his curls tangled across his pillow, the white bandage merely enhancing his appeal. As she gloated upon his beauty, a couple of rats began a mad scamper at hide-and-seek inside the wall. She switched into flight but turned for a last look. Out of his sleep the lad smiled at her.

He smiled because he trusted her. And she—she had entrusted his errand to Jud Slocum. The Almighty had been unusually generous to the Slocums in the matter of hands. Like the rest of his family Jud had a right hand, a left hand, and a little behindhand. She had sent Jud on the job.

Jack Galt had dishonored her sister, the daughter of the pastor of the great church at Wolfboro, had brought a common woman from the streets into his home, sat her at his table, driven his wife out through the snow—oh, everybody in the town had known and seen! Yet she had rebelled at the

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testimony her mother had forced her to give at the trial. She hadn't lied—she hadn't told the truth. If Jack Galt deserved to die—still he was the man Mary loved—the brother Ben Galt loved. She swung back to her bedroom.

On the threshold she decided. She'd go to Jack. Then she froze with fear. Sixteen miles alone, through a wild country and a wild night; even as she paused the wind shrieked around the corners of the house, mad, lusting for its prey. She couldn't go—she wouldn't. The call of the clock sounded through the home. She counted feverishly—it was midnight—she could just manage the five o'clock train. She must go—it was wild, unmaidenly, dangerous—men said the wolves really did come down these snowy nights—it was impossible.

Her mother turned in her sleep. The bed creaked beneath her moving; Jedidah crept into her room decided—she would *not* go, she could not.

"Oh—Oh—O-O-O—" Wild, agonizing, appealing the cry shrilled through the sleeping house.

With one supple bound the girl reached the gaunt, towering wardrobe of her room, tore out from it her heavy jacket, her fur cap. With feverish fingers she stabbed the toque upon her head, swathing her face in a heavy veil. In a moment she was ready.

Before she left the room she twitched from her Bible a ragged piece of coarse wrapping paper. It was blurred with writing and spattered with brown. The brown was blood. The sentence scrawled upon it was curt and wobbling.

"I have shot myself," it said, "by accident and am dying alone in the house. I wish everybody to know that no one is to—"

That was all But the handwriting was Mary Galt's.

She stopped a hasty second, buckling on her overshoes, then unslid the bolts in the great front door. The key grunted in the stiff old-fashioned lock the hinges growled a belligerent unwillingness to work overtime, then the door swung grudgingly outward. Above her mother turned once more in a creaking bed as the girl stepped out into a world of snow and starlight.

The highway dipped down the hill, ridge after ridge. The shadows, lilac-hued, in the dimness, pirouetted across like phantoms of mad souls. The houses darkened out of the landscape. Over her head Orion hung splendid with white fire. The wind nipped under her veil to bite her face, then crept up the hill behind with the wail of a pack close on the quarry. It was bitter cold.

Jedidah slid the door to and hurried down the steps into the road.

At nine precisely the big motor chugged down the street towards the Halifax Station and the waiting train. The Minister of Justice was the first to catch sight of the slim black figure outlined against the snowy street.

"A striking-looking woman, that," he suggested to his friend in the tonneau beside him

But the friend was more critical, switching off his blinkers to see better. "Yes-a-a— and, no. Gad, that hair and those eyes would clinch you anywhere; but it's her figure. She—she's fine somehow, she shows breed. And there's something else. I want to say 'brave;' but it isn't exactly that." The girl had stepped forward.

The Minister was on the ground in a minute, hat in hand. His gone-by chivalry sat well upon his stately person.

She burst out on him, "I am Jedidah Tilston"

For a moment the official wrinkled a puzzled brow, then the thing flashed into him. "Oh, yes—the young woman who discovered the body of Mary Galt." He dropped his voice recalling suddenly that she was Mary Galt's sister.

She let him have it straight. "It wasn't a murder—I have always known it—I knew it then." Her voice seemed to her to shout the fact across the

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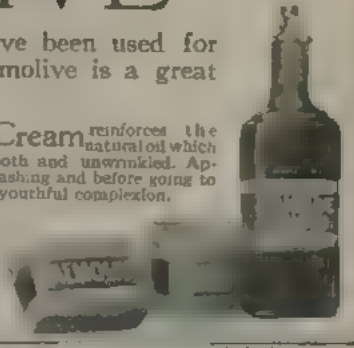

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housetops; but the man wondered that she could make such a confession in a voice so dully commonplace.

The eyes of the Minister of Justice twinkled wickedly. As a good Unitarian he rejoiced in a bit of Orthodox transgressing.

"Why—why—why, and you a Presbyterian parson's daughter!"

She wasn't in the mood. "He ought to die—he has killed—he has sinned abominably. But his blood sha'n't be on my hands."

"Still he is condemned. Your word is sacred."

Take this—read—read—read—that's Mary's writing. I found it on the table beside her. I know—I know, I tell you." The girl covered her face with her muff, shaking with sobs. The train behind whistled impatiently.

"You are a good girl," said the Minister; "You—"

The girl before him was smiling mirthlessly. A moment later she laughed outright. The man had not suspected dimples of that tragic mask and twitched wonderingly around. Down the street tore a long, lumbering lout, his ulster sailing out on either side, his coon-skin cap tumbling off from one ear. He gesticulated as he ran. The Minister twisted back to Jedidah.

"That fellow's coming on your errand," he chortled. "Well, he's too late. The thing's done. Give me your hand on it."

She hesitated, pinioning her arms behind, blushing violently. When she held out her hand the glove was tattered, between the rents the knuckles showed raw and bloody.

"Why, why—why, why!" stormed the Minister of Justice, how's this?"

"I walked in here from Scrabble Hollow last night. A man grabbed me as I entered the town early awfully early. And I—I—I—I think I—I smashed his face."

Strictly Scientific

Continued from page 229

"It's madder than anything Spinal ever did before, and that's saying a good deal."

"I'm afraid it really will have to wear off," Spinal patiently explained. "I remember now that Mellish said he would put something in to fix it. What he meant was, to make it infallible."

"Say, let me up, fellows," he continued in smothered accents when his outraged and exasperated victims piled on him as one man.

"Did you tell him to make it like that?"

"Well, he asked me if I wanted fast colors, and I said 'of course,'—for the lacrosse match you know."

"Fast colors! Great Scott! Then it will all have to wear off sure."

"It's a harmless vegetable dye, I tell you."

"Just the thing for you, you cabbage head."

"Hold on there! Don't kill me!"

"Let him die—the double-dyed villain that he is."

"Just listen to me, fellows. We'll all have a holiday. It'll take at least a week to wear off and—"

With the proverbial fickleness of mobs, the rainbow-faced boys drew

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back to a respectful circle around the now triumphantly reclining Spinal and gazed upon him in speechless admiration When they found their voices, the first use to which they were put was to exclaim "Holiday! A week! Gee whiz!"

At that moment the breakfast bell rang

To say that the sudden appearance of a dozen painted Indians in the dining room created a sensation would be a ridiculously mild description of their entrance.

Red Dempsey in the middle room and Gabby in one of the front rooms had revealed the predicament of the twelve, and the house, already assembled, was ready with a demonstration.

Some one gave a war whoop, and a wild panic was cleverly simulated, the whole roomful huddling back in Dr. Tassie's end of the room.

Dr Tassie cherished a very exact taste in derivations and definitions. So his spirit soared above the storm with the war cry, "Eliminate! *e* out of and *limen, liminis* the threshold. Be gone to your rooms and your breakfasts will be sent to you."

The dusky invaders disappeared.

If such a scene could occur in the boarding house, what would happen were they to be permitted to come to school? A middle-room boy had described Red Dempsey's futile efforts to wash his painted face and improperly black hair, and had told the whole shameful story, so, when Mrs Tassie called Aggie in to instruct her about taking up the breakfasts Dr. Tassie supplemented, as follows, still enamored of the etymologic slogan which he had just used with such marked effect

"Agnes, these boys are to be eliminated until they eliminate the stains from their systems. Eliminate," he repeated. "Tell them to use acid. The most responsible is to go immediately to Strong's drug store to procure the necessary ingredients, and the others are to remain in confinement until I release them."

The first Saint Agnes could never have been hailed with more enthusiastic welcome by the early Christians than was her namesake by these modern martyrs. She bore a tray filled with mugs of coffee and soon came panting back again with piles of bread cut thick the whole round of the generous loaf, and a heaped platter of tempting salt codfish shredded in creamy sauce

Gabby, whose efforts to hold the record for undivided bread consumption had been tyrannically and repeatedly checked in the dining room, issued a challenge to all comers to bolt a slice, crusts and all, in one mouthful, and, finding no takers, proceeded alone to demonstrate his specialty.

"Ye're a foine looking lot, I must say," Aggie genially commented as she looked around.

Then, remembering the salient point of Dr. Tassie's instructions, to wit, to eliminate with acid, she added:

"Doctor Tassie sez a limonade is phwat yez are to take, made with acid, an' the wan that is most" (with a gasp at the big word which she bravely mastered) "uh-risponsible, is to go to the drug store an' get the ingrayjints. The rest of yez are to stay here till he comes back."

Spinal resembled the famous French wit who lightly disposed of a charge of plagiarism by saying that he took his own wherever he found it

Aggie's unconscious double entendre appealed to him at once as a Spinalism equal to his best, and he proceeded to appropriate it as his own. He also knew in his heart that he was both responsible and irresponsible above all the others.

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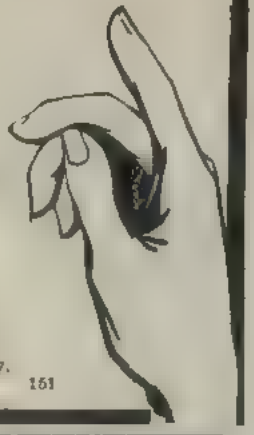

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151

Disposing of his breakfast with the startling despatch characteristic of boys who have held their clandestine feasts, as it were, with their loins girded ready for unexpected descent of the oppressor, he said:

"Sure, you're right, Aggie. I heard him say so myself. This codfish will give us a fine thirst for the lemonade, and I'll be off right away. Leave the mugs Aggie, we'll need them."

Citric acid, the druggist said, was the thing, and Spinal laid in a liberal stock and returned, stopping at Mellish's paint store where he received cheering confirmation of his understanding that nothing short of pumice and rubbing off the skin would remove the stain, which the painter considered a triumph in indelible dye.

"What! Have you done nothing to eliminate the dye yet?" Dr Tassie exclaimed as he inspected the party, sitting gravely with their mugs of lemonade before them, when he returned from school at noon.

"Yes, sir," said Spinal, as spokesman. "We are using lemonade as you instructed, made with acid and a little soda to make it fizz. We've taken about all we can hold and—"

"Varlet! I said to eliminate it with acid. Go at once and consult the druggist as to what will be effective as an outward application."

"Please, sir, Mr. Mellish says we will have to wait for it to wear off, unless we rub the skin off with pumice stone. He made it and he knows."

"Who," demanded Dr. Tassie, "is responsible for this outrage?"

Spinal stood up bravely. "I," he confessed with pride, "am the sole proprietor."

"Then," said Dr. Tassie, making the best of a situation, which he at once recognized as hopeless, "you must keep up with your studies and rehearse your lessons to me in my study each evening while you are recovering your complexions. Do not leave this room. I shall expect you to study diligently, and"—grimly—"will see to it that you do so."

"Please, sir, can't we go out for a little exercise like we did when we had mumps?"

As Spinal put the question, memory recalled visions of a company of swollen-faced convalescents on the march amid the plaudits of the bystanders, the red flannel bandages transferred from their cheeks to a Tommy Atkins cock over one ear, and led by himself painfully playing "The British Grenadiers," on a papered comb.

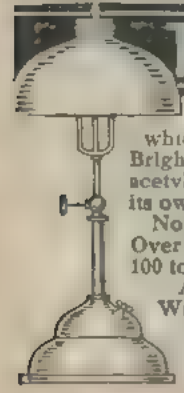
This latest make-up would create a far greater sensation, and he innocently awaited the result of his suggestion with deep interest.

"Not without permission. Apply to Mrs. Tassie," and the Doctor, whose noon hour was being cut short, stalked out of the room.

Turning back, he said in the way of an after thought, "Ah, h'm, h'm! Macpherson, come with me."

"It was worth it," Spinal said as he returned, tenderly rubbing his hands on his thighs. "Did you notice his face when I told him about the lemonade?"

It was a piebald bunch of swimmers



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that stood that afternoon on the brink of "the rocks," that ideal overhanging diving place up the river, above the school. As they, one by one, plunged into the cool, shadowy depths, Spinal, beautiful in his lily-white, satiny smoothness of body and bronze symmetry of limb, stood back, proudly exhibiting his victims to the first arrivals from afternoon school.

Ribald was the word with which he described the effect and Chummy, who had come up dripping to make any necessary correction in his friend's conversation, had to admit that the adjective fitted the crowd still better than piebald.

"Like those red and white ponies at the Wild West Show; Shinto heroes, you know, Chummy."

Public spirited boys of communicative disposition raced back to school to advertise the show, and Dr. Tassie, seeing from the excited stampede that something unusual was afoot, followed.

Spinal was in great form as he dilated upon the beauties of his companions in crime who were now mostly disporting themselves in the water.

"They make me think of those sore-eye things we learned about in the natural history class, Chummy."

"Sore-eye things? What in the world do you mean?"

"Why, you know. Itchy sore-eye and the rest of them."

"What on earth?"

"No, not on earth—in the ocean. Don't you remember the funny way Paddy Moyles spelled it on the blackboard? E-o-c-e-n-e. Now, that's just the way they would look, distorting themselves in the polluted waters."

"Pellucid, Spinal, pellucid you mean."

"I'm not sure, Chummy, but I think I had it right."

"But just look at that one," as a boy wallowed past whom Spinal had persuaded to have his back as well as his limbs and face dyed. As he turned over, showing his white under side and rolled back to glistening bronze, the effect was so startlingly suggestive of a palaeozoic lizard that Dr. Tassie, who was standing behind, had to chuckle his approval as he murmured appreciatively "Ichthyosauri. Back to your confinement at once you rascally young reptiles and do not approach the school again while you are in this disgraceful condition," brought the picturesque saurian carnival to an abrupt end.

And that night when they appeared in his study to rehearse the day's lessons, Dr. Tassie found ample reason for squaring accounts in his usual forcible way and he did not neglect his opportunity.

Next day the boys persuaded kind-hearted Mrs. Tassie that, as they were forbidden the only available swimming places at the river, it would be only fair, as well as conducive to their health, to permit them to take a walk up to the Preston mineral baths.

They had scarcly returned from their long walk and refreshing bath when a messenger came in haste on a bicycle bearing a note to Dr. Tassie requesting him to keep his peculiarly marked boys at home as they had driven the regular patrons of the baths away in fear of some strange disease.

Next morning Sandy Muirhead, a Scottish farmer of the neighborhood, a humorist as well as a lover of all boys, with a twinkle in his eye called to inquire for the boys' health. Sandy managed to keep well posted on pretty much everything going on in the school and he expressed deep concern as to whether the dye would ever come off.

"But then you could go and live on the resairvation. John Smoke could have ye adopted into the tribes."

"We are already," Spinal exclaimed. "John imitated us last year."

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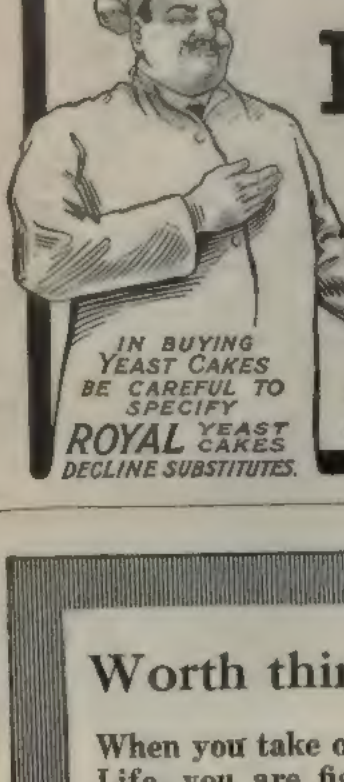

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"Weel," Sandy drawled in his pawky way, "Ye're guid eneugh ecmitations. But dinna let me interrupt your verra pleasant occupation," pointing to the school books on the table.

"Oh, that. We were really considering where to go swimming this afternoon. We can't go up the river and we can't go to Preston baths—been driven out of both. Nothing for it but the creek, I guess, fellows."

After a heated argument, they reluctantly consented to come down to the despised estate of creek boys.

"It's the only way that we can get a swim, so what's the use of indulging false pride."

So, with Mrs. Tassie's approval, immediately after the Doctor had gone to afternoon school, they started for the creek bathing place, picturesque with its bouldered shore and vista of cedar embowered arch through which the rapid little stream rushes under the stone road. But these beauties never were considered by river boys who, as a rule, shunned the scene of their childish struggles.

Before they had reached the place they met Sandy Muirhead and a tall stranger trudging steadily toward town on the stone road.

"I thocht I micht meet ye aboot here." He had telephoned Mrs. Tassie from his farm and had timed his walk accordingly.

"This is Mester Mucklewrath o Montreal, the deesteenguished ethnoalogeest, who is on his way to the convention o' the American Anthropoloagical Soceeity at San Francisco. He wad like to make some measurements

"You will find some verra strange types here, Mester Mucklewrath, which may confirm your theories in a remarkable manner. Ye ken what ye said in the last number o' the Ethnoloagical Review aboot the moany points o' seemilairity which the American Indian has in common wi' the Kelt." This was a favorite joke which Sandy, Sassenach that he was, loved to rub into Spinal. "I thocht you presented a verra convincing theory to the effect that the Aryans found, when they reached western Europe, a race verra like the American Indians, as is shown by the language o' the Basques an' that it is the mixture o' that oreeginal race, which also sent emigrants to America before Columbus which gies the peculiar tone to the Keltic races; clannishness, love o feathers and finery, ower serious deeginity, grandeeloquent poetry, oratoary et ceetera. It is a matter o' history that when the Hielan' regiments came oot at the time o' the American reevolution, the Mohawk chiefs visited their camp, attracted by the evident seemilairity o' their customs, appearance and character, an' greeted them as brithers

Here ye will find the nearest approach to the real thing oot o' capteevity."

Sandy's friend nodded gravely and turned his attention to the boys.

Mr. McIlwraith was the more ready to act upon his friend's suggestion to inspect the boys in that he had intended for some time to visit a representative school for the purpose of making observations to prove his latest theory that the descendants of Europeans in America were tending toward the Indian, or, as he called it, the "Amerind" type. But this was too good to be true.

"You don't mean to say, Mr. Muirhead, that these are descendants of Europeans who have reverted to the Amerind type?"

"Weel, I'll no say," Sandy cautiously answered. "I'll question them."

Sandy elicited skillfully that the boys were members of the Iroquois Confederacy in good standing, and the scientist was overwhelmed with delight at his unexpected good fortune.

"So, these are Iroquois boys. How very interesting," and, having accompanied the party to the swimming place, he proceeded to adjust his callipers and lay out his measuring tapes.

Sandy Muirhead beamed on the circle of eager, wide-eyed boys.

"It's a graund sceence. I'm president o' the Dumfries Township Anthropoalogeests myself."

But Mr. McIlwraith was getting to work and Spinal hung on his words.

"Dolichokephalic," he muttered, as he applied the callipers to Gabby's elongated head.

"Brachykephalic and Keltic in type of feature. Strange, such variations. I suppose due to the meeting of European and Asiatic immigration on the American continent in prehistoric times."

It was an orgy of words which belittled Spinal's wildest dreams of the possibilities of language.

Spinal memorized the word brachykephalic on the spot and never let Red Dempsey forget it, but thereafter called him ironically a blacky-calf-lick on the slightest provocation.

Mr. McIlwraith had discovered a mezokephalic specimen and Spinal was drinking in the word when Sandy suggested that measurements of limbs, chest, etc., would be interesting, and the boys, at a hint, stripped precipitately.

The ethnologist gasped.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Muirhead, that wearing civilized garments is gradually turning the bodies of Amerinds white? Can I believe my eyes?

Sandy then had to pay for his joke by making an abject confession of, and an humble apology for his villainy.

"But," he hastened to say, "I hae nae doot ye will be richly rewarded by the general information ye collect.

"Could ye noo gie the gentleman an exhibeetion o' the council fire?"

For Sandy, who had won the confidence of the boys long ago had been learning from them how the Indian masquerade had started.

John Smoke could see no objection, so, to Mr. McIlwraith's unbounded delight, the ritual was gone through with a familiarity the result of long practice.

He had many questions to ask John after this interesting experience and declared that the ceremony alone had amply repaid him for his visit.

All returned together to the house, where Sandy, with manifest pride, introduced Mr. McIlwraith to Dr. Tassie as Mester Mucklewrath, the weel known ethnoalogeest.

Instead of rehearsing their imperfectly studied lessons, Spinal and his friends were ushered into the study at Mr. McIlwraith's request that he

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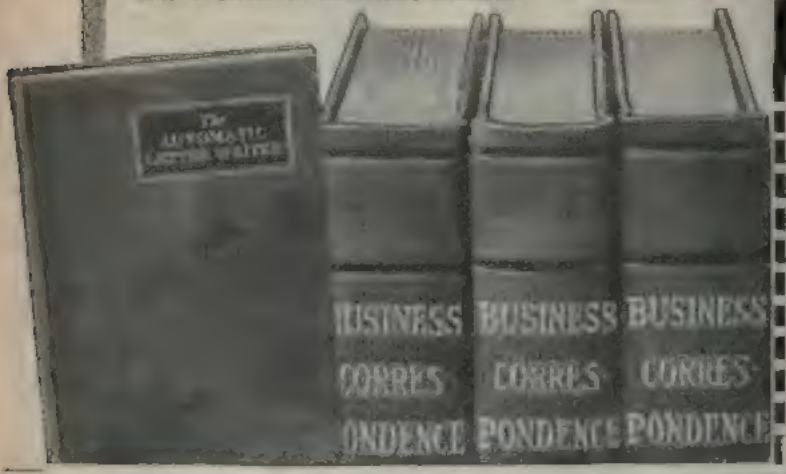

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might thank them for the afternoon's entertainment.

The distinguished guest was profuse in his expressions of delight at the experiences of the day.

He had by this time learned the whole story of the boys' escapade and was greatly interested as well as amused.

"It certainly shows an inherent urge to revert to the Amerind type," he said.

"One of your boys," he continued to Dr. Tassie, "has already become an enthusiastic student of the science which I have made my life work. It is quite remarkable how he has picked up the technical terms such as facial angle, kephalic index, et cetera. I should say"—looking directly at Spinal—"that he has the making of an ethnologist."

"Yes," said Spinal proudly, "I am going to be an etymologist."

"Macpherson," said the strangely softened tyrant, benignly, "You are already and have long been the most remarkable etymologist it has ever been my privilege to know."

A Stake in the Game

Continued from page 249.

describe country and give it ten-rounds rapid-fire, when a frieze of German helmets comes over the ridge.

We followed this crowd and found them standing absorbedly before a fifteen foot landscape. It couldn't have been the workmanship or the colors that attracted, although the instructor was talking about "background" and "foreground" in true Private View fashion.

No, this was a bit of countryside, France, belike, or Prussia if luck holds. And, when the nomenclature of its parts had been learned, the fire unit under its tall lieutenant would go back to the limit of the range and try potting at the right-hand corner of the ploughed field in front of the six poplars, or the second turn in the upper road, beyond the church, being careful that the little hill of the front sight stood precisely in the middle of the little valley of the hind sight, according to Hoyle and the instructor.

"And when will you go to the Front?" I asked, as we closed the door softly on the absorbed sharpshooters.

"I wish you could tell me," said the man in khaki, "but—the sooner the better."

And still further back from the hell-glare, the formless Third Contingent lies waiting, yearning for the grey bunks in the Transportation Building even as the men of the Second yearn for the mud of Salisbury, and the men of the First, for the trenches.

For this is the biggest game that was ever played in all the world, and the man who has the biggest stake in the biggest game, is *the man who goes!*